"DIRTY HARRY"

4/1/71

REV. FINAL

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

4/1/71

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Title "DIRTY HARRY"

Signed _____

"DIRTY HARRY"

Screenplay

by

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Dean Riesner

April 1, 1971

FADE IN

1. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE LOBBY - DAY 1.

We are CLOSE on the golden star, a replica of a San Francisco police badge, on the memorial plaque in the lobby of the San Francisco Hall of Justice. We PULL BACK to include the inscription which reads:

IN TRIBUTE TO THE POLICE
OFFICERS OF SAN FRANCISCO
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN
THE LINE OF DUTY.

We are PULLING BACK FURTHER to include the additional plaques inscribed with the names of dead policemen, beginning with John Coats, killed in 1878 and ending with Harold L. Hamilton, one of four killed in 1970. We HOLD for a moment as two uniformed POLICEMEN cross, then, X

DISSOLVE TO:

2. EXT. BLDG. #1 - SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY 2.

It is a warm morning in early summer. We are CLOSE and ANGLED SLIGHTLY DOWNWARD at a marvelous looking GIRL in a X bikini who is sunning herself beside a swimming pool. Somewhere Musak is playing unobtrusively. She takes off her sunglasses, swings off the deck chair and moves down to the end of the pool. She is quite alone. She poises a moment by a sign which warns guests that they use the pool at their own risk, then she dives into the water.

3. EXT. BLDG. #1 - SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY 3.
(FROM BLDG. #2) (TELEPHOTO SHOT)

from the same angle. The girl's body knifes into the pool, then as she surfaces and starts swimming slowly toward the far end we begin to ZOOM BACK. Now we discover that the pool area is on top of a high-rise Hotel building (The Holiday Inn) in downtown San Francisco. The pool quickly shrinks to a tiny turquoise oblong, then suddenly the ZOOM BACK stops. We realize that we are on the rooftop of a second building several blocks away and some twenty-five stories higher than the first. In the foreground is the figure of a MAN, his back to us. He is aiming a high- X powered hunting rifle at the swimming girl in the pool below.

4. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP - DAY 4.

The KILLER -- we still can't see his face -- has his eye

(CONTINUED)

4. (Cont.) 4.

pressed to the rubber eyepiece of a telescopic sight. He is resting his left elbow against the rooftop ledge. The tip of his rifle-barrel moves almost imperceptibly as he tracks the slowly swimming figure. The rifle has a silencer. The Killer is wearing gloves.

5. EXT. BLDG. #1 - SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY 5.
(FROM BLDG. #2) THE SWIMMING GIRL - (TELEPHOTO SHOT)

as she reaches the end of the pool, turns and starts slowly stroking back.

6. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - DAY 6.
THE RIFLE BARREL AND SILENCER

We are looking into the enormous tunnel of the rifle barrel as it moves very slowly across the screen.

7. THE KILLER 7.

Still not cutting in his face as we HOLD for a moment, then PUSH IN CLOSE on his right index finger, curled around the trigger. The skin over the knuckle whitens as he squeezes slowly.

8. EXT. BLDG. #1 - SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY 8.

as the swimming girl is hit. A splash of scarlet appears at her right shoulder blade. She thrashes, gasps. Her eyes are wide, blank with shock. She rolls in the water, starts to sink. Blood is pouring from an exit wound on her left side.

9. CLOSE - THE GIRL'S FACE 9.

turned upward as she sinks. The blood-red water billows above her and she disappears from sight. The screen is clouded in a swirl of crimson. We HOLD for a moment, then:

CUT TO:

10. EXT. BLDG. #1 SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY 10.
X

We are SHOOTING DOWN from the pool steps to a heavy metal door which opens out onto the rooftop. The door slams

(CONTINUED)

+ in dialogue, see p 27

10 (Cont.) 10.
X

open and HARRY CALLAHAN appears. He is tall, lean, methodical, undramatic, carelessly dressed, dry. He is an Inspector in the San Francisco Police Department, one of fourteen attached to Homicide Detail. He moves in a couple of long steps up the stairs to the pool area and stops in a BIG HEAD, looking off past us, his eyes squinting against the sunlight. Over this we SUPERIMPOSE STAR'S CREDIT.

11. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POOL 11.
X

as Harry moves toward the other end of the pool where we see two uniformed SAN FRANCISCO POLICEMEN, a CHINESE BELLBOY, HOTEL DOCTOR, and a young ASSISTANT MANAGER gathered around the body of the dead girl which has been taken from the pool. Also present is a YOUNG MAN in a terrycloth bathrobe and rubber sandals, his expression shocked, bewildered, unbelieving. As Harry moves up to the group we go into MAIN TITLES AND OTHER CREDITS. The group separates as Harry kneels, looks at the dead girl.

12. CLOSE - HARRY 12.
X

as he looks up from dead girl to skyscraper overlooking area.

13. ANOTHER ANGLE 13.
X

as Harry crosses and looks up at Building #2 in b.g.

14. REVERSE ON HARRY 14.
X

Makes up his mind, spins around and exits quickly from rooftop.

CUT TO:

15. EXT. BLDG. #2 STREET - DAY 15.
X

We are HOLDING on Harry as he long-strides up the street toward us. We SPIN with him as he passes and discover that we are near the base of Building #2. As Harry moves toward it, we PAN UPWARD.

CUT TO:

16. INT. BLDG. #2 AIRSHAFT - DAY 16.

We are looking UPWARD through the airshaft which runs completely up the length of the building. A pinpoint dot -- Harry's head -- appears at the top of the airshaft. We ZOOM UP.

17. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP (AIRSHAFT AREA) - DAY 17.

We are SHOOTING DOWN the airshaft as Harry looks down it. Now we PULL BACK as Harry moves toward the fan housing on the rooftop.

18. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP (FAN HOUSING AREA) - DAY 18.

We are PANNING with Harry as hand-over-hand he climbs the ladder outside the housing which encloses the giant air conditioning fans. He climbs past the open side door. We can see the interior of the unit. Harry reaches the top of the housing.

19. ANOTHER ANGLE 19.

We are ANGLED UPWARD through the fan housing toward the grate on top. Harry -- shoe soles with a foreshortened Harry tapering above them -- can be seen above us, crossing the grate.

20. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP - DAY 20.

We are on the very highest area of the roof as Harry comes off the top of the fan housing structure and starts around

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.) 20.

the catwalk. As we FOLLOW Harry around the top of the building, we get a panoramic view of San Francisco. The Bay. The Bridge. The Ferry Building. The Embarcadero. And, as he moves to the north side of the building with Alcatraz, Fisherman's Wharf, Telegraph Hill in the b.g., he stops.

21. EXT. BLDG. #1 - SWIMMING POOL AND SUN DECK - DAY X 21.
(FROM BLDG. #2) (ZOOM IN TO BLDG. #1)

Harry is looking down at the swimming pool on top of Building #1 from the exact spot where the Killer fired his shot. We ZOOM IN to the swimming pool area where we see that a couple of ambulance attendants have placed the dead girl's body on a stretcher and are moving off the rooftop with it.

22. EXT. BLDG. #2 ROOFTOP - DAY 22.

We are CLOSE on Harry's face as he watches them carry the girl's body away. We PULL BACK as he turns, then stops, looking down at something on the walkway. He crosses and kneels by it.

23. ANOTHER ANGLE 23.

We SEE that the object Harry is looking at is a bright metal shell casing. Harry takes an envelope and pencil from his pocket. He picks up the shell casing by inserting the pencil into its hollow end, then shakes the shell casing into the envelope. Harry seals the envelope, puts it in his pocket, and rises.

24. ON HARRY 24.

The wind rises. Harry looks around, sees something, then vaults to the gravel-top roofing a few feet above the catwalk. We PAN him over to a TV antenna which we now see for the first time. Attached to the antenna is a note, fluttering in the breeze. WE ARE NOW FINISHED WITH CREDITS.

25. CLOSER - HARRY 25.

as he carefully takes the note from the antenna, unfolds it and looks at it. After a moment, quietly:

HARRY:

Jesus.

26. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 26.

The office has been darkened, curtains drawn. The note which is being projected on a portable screen, reads: "To the City of San Francisco. I will enjoy killing one person every day until you pay me one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000). If you agree say so tomorrow morning in Personal Column San Francisco Chronicle and I will set up meeting. If I do not hear from you it will be my next pleasure to kill a Catholic priest or a nigger. Scorpio."

MAYOR'S VOICE:
(reading)
'To the City of San Francisco. I will enjoy killing one person every day until you pay me one hundred thousand dollars. If you agree say so tomorrow morning in personal column San Francisco Chronicle and I will set up meeting. If I do not hear from you it will be my next pleasure to kill a Catholic priest or --
(breaks off, then)
Scorpio.'

We are PULLING BACK to include the Mayor's office. The MAYOR is a large man, authoritative and magnetic.

27. ANOTHER ANGLE 27.

Also present are Chief of Police, Lieutenant AL BRESSLER of Homicide and the Mayor's young, bright executive assistant, BILLY McGUGGIN. Bressler, middle-aged, rumpled, tough without working at it, turns off the projector as Billy crosses to open the curtains. As the office floods with light, the Mayor turns to the Chief, a brisk and decisive man in knife-creased blue uniform.

MAYOR:
What goes on in their minds? Where the hell does he think I'm going to get a hundred thousand dollars?

BRESSLER:
You're not thinking about paying him, are you Mister Mayor?

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.) 27.

MAYOR:
Our position is that the City of San Francisco doesn't pay criminals not to commit crimes. Instead we pay a police department.

This last is with a dry glance toward the Chief, who nods back grimly.

MAYOR:
Who's in charge of this case, Chief? X

CHIEF:
Inspector Callahan. He's waiting out there. X
(to Bressler) X
Lieutenant?

BRESSLER: X
Yes, Sir.

As Bressler exits, the Mayor shoots a look at the Chief. It is apparent that the name has struck a slightly off-key chord with the Mayor as he says:

MAYOR:
Callahan?

28. OMITTED 28.
X

29. ANOTHER ANGLE 29.

as Lieutenant Bressler and Harry enter the Mayor's office.

CHIEF:
Your honor. Inspector Callahan.

The Mayor turns: X

MAYOR:
All right, let's have it.

HARRY:
Have what?

MAYOR: X
Your report. What have you been doing?

HARRY:
I've been sitting on my ass out there for the past three quarters of an hour...
(smiles) X
waiting for you.

29 (Cont.) 29.

BRESSLER:
Damn it, Harry, that's the Mayor you're talking to.

MAYOR:
There's a madman loose. I'm asking you what's being done. Fair enough?

HARRY:
We've got a dozen people working the files in the Identification Bureau. We're running down extortionists, rifle nuts, rooftop prowlers, peepers. We're checking out known racial agitators, para-military groups, especially right wing extremists. We're arranging for maximum rooftop surveillance and helicopter patrol.

BRESSLER:
Especially around Catholic schools and churches and in the black areas.

HARRY:
Ballistics is working on the slug -- it looks like a thirty-ought six X seven lands and grooves -- right hand twist. We're running a computer check on everybody in the files whose birthday falls between October twenty-third X and November twenty-first. X

MAYOR:
November?

HARRY:
Natives of Scorpio.

30. ANOTHER ANGLE 30.

as the Mayor nods, then looks around:

MAYOR:
Have any of you mentioned this note to anyone else?

General shaking of heads. Harry is looking at the Mayor without expression.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.) 30.

MAYOR: X
(to Harry)
How about you?

HARRY:
Nobody.

MAYOR: X
Your wife? Girl Friend? Some newspaper reporter?

HARRY:
Nobody.

MAYOR: X
All right. I'll put a message in the X
Chronicle. We'll agree to pay, but X
tell him we need time to get the money X
together.

HARRY:
You're going to play games with this creep?

MAYOR: X
It'll get us some breathing room.

HARRY:
It'll get us some dead people.
(a beat)
Let me meet the son-of-a-bitch.

The Mayor looks over at the Chief questioningly. X

CHIEF:
I'm against it. We could end up with X
a real bloodbath. X

MAYOR: X
I agree with the Chief. We'll do it X
this way.

BRESSLER: X
Let's go, Harry.

31. ANOTHER ANGLE 31.

Bressler and Harry start out, then stop and turn as: X

31 (Cont.) 31.

MAYOR: X

Callahan?
(then) X
I don't want any more trouble like you had last year in the Fillmore District. That's my policy.

HARRY:
(politely)
If an adult male is chasing a woman with intent to commit rape, I shoot him. That's my policy.

MAYOR: X

Intent?
(comes up)
How did you establish that? You read minds? X

HARRY:

Not exactly.

MAYOR: X

What then?

HARRY:
(smiles dryly)
Well, Sir, when I see a naked man running down the alley with a butcher knife and a hard on I don't figure he's out collecting for the Red Cross.

The Mayor flushes, maintains his control with difficulty.

32. FEATURING BRESSLER 32.

The Lieutenant can't believe what he's hearing.

BRESSLER:
Come on, Callahan.

He storms out of the room followed by Harry.

33. EXT. ROBBERY STREET - DAY 33.

It is about ten till three as Harry comes up the sidewalk, towards a car parked, in front of the bank, with its motor running. The exhaust is exuding acrid blue smoke; not great billowing clouds, but enough to be noticeable. Harry cuts behind the car to cross the street, coughs as he passes through the carbon monoxide. He apparently pays no attention to the car or its single occupant as Harry exits shot.

34. SIDE CLOSER ANGLE - FEATURING DRIVER 34.

sitting behind the wheel. He is a young man in sunglasses and a hat of some kind. His attention is on the front entrance of the bank.

35. CLOSEUP DRIVER 35.

as he watches the bank -- an attempt at casualness -- he takes a cigarette from his jacket pocket. He lights this fresh cigarette from the glowing coal of a half-smoked one, which he has to unglue from his lower lip. He drops the half-smoked one to the street, CAMERA PANNING with it. There are three or four similar half-smoked cigarettes on the pavement.

36. ANGLE - KWIK-LUNCH 36.

as Harry crosses the street to a small eating place catty-corner across from the bank. He opens the door, enters.

37. INT. KWIK-LUNCH - DAY 37.

as Harry comes in, he sits on a vacant stool his back to the plate glass window which fronts the street. MR. JAFFEE, in a white apron, comes up.

JAFFEE:
Mr. Callahan.

Harry nods.

X
X
X

HARRY:
The usual.

JAFFEE:
So the usual lunch or the usual dinner?

HARRY:
(beat, then)
So dinner.

JAFFEE:
Right. X

38. ANOTHER ANGLE 38.

as Mr. Jaffee turns a hot dog burner -- maybe one of those grills revolving around a filament -- and starts to build a pair of hot dogs with proper professional care. As he is doing so:

HARRY: X
Is there a blue Chevy outside the bank?

JAFFEE:
(looks past Harry)
Yes. X

HARRY:
Motor still running?

JAFFEE:
How can I tell?

HARRY:
The tail pipe. Exhaust smoke.

JAFFE:
Yeah. That's awful. Look at that pollution!

Jaffee puts the two hot dogs on a plate and slides them X
in front of Harry, he takes one, spins around on his stool and looks out of the plate glass window toward the bank across the street. Harry bites into the dog then takes out his wallet and withdraws a card which he hands to Jaffee. X

HARRY:
The number on the card. Call it.

Jaffee reads the card, then:

JAFFEE:
The Police Department?

HARRY:
Tell them Inspector Callahan thinks X
there's a two eleven in progress at X
the bank across the street. Got it? X

39. OMITTED 39. X

40. ANOTHER ANGLE 40.

as the old man's expression becomes both frightened and determined.

JAFFEE:
Got it. Yes, sir.

HARRY:
Be sure and say "in progress."

As Jaffee turns and disappears into the back of the lunch counter, Harry turns to his second hot dog, mumbling to himself:

HARRY:
Now, if they'll just wait till the cavalry gets here, I'll --- X

He breaks off as, from across the street, we HEAR sounds of an alarm bell. This is followed immediately by the boom of a shotgun. As Harry rises from his stool to move into the fray:

HARRY:
Oh shit.

41. EXT. ROBBERY STREET - DAY 41.

as Harry bursts out of the lunchroom, tugging his pistol from its holster. It is a big, non-reg, Magnum forty-four.

42. EXT. HOLDUP BANK - DAY 42.

The FIRST ROBBER, carrying a sawed-off shotgun rushes out of door of bank.

43. HIS P.O.V. 43.

as Harry crashes to a halt.

HARRY:
All right! Drop it!

44. FEATURING FIRST ROBBER 44.

as he brings up the shotgun, fires it.

45. ON HARRY 45.

He dives, rolls, comes up in a crouch. The heavy X gun bucking in his hand. Blam!

46. FEATURING FIRST ROBBER 46.

as he is hit, staggers, rubber-legged back to one side. The SECOND ROBBER -- charges out of bank firing his handgun.

47. ANGLE ON HARRY 47.

as bullets skid off the pavement near him.

48. FEATURING GETAWAY-CAR 48.

as the Driver screams to the Second Robber:

DRIVER:
Come on! For Christ sake! Come on!

The car lurches out as second robber dives into back seat of car.

49. CLOSE - HARRY 49.

as he fires at the Second Robber. Blam!

50. SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD AT HARRY 50.

as car veers directly at him.

51. SHOOTING PAST HARRY 51.

in the f.g. toward the getaway-car as it speeds down on him -- engine in first gear, roaring.

52. ON HARRY 52.

as he fires at the oncoming car. Blam! Blam!

53. ON THE GETAWAY-CAR 53.

as it speeds directly toward Harry. Suddenly the windshield stars, a huge bullet hole appearing in the center of the crackle-pattern. The driver is hit!

54. THE CAR 54.

It spins out of control, bounces over the curb, hits a fire hydrant, upending car in a gusher of water.

55. ANGLE ON HARRY 55.

who alertly leaps backward away from torrent of water, Magnum in hand.

56. CLOSER ANGLE ON UPENDED CAR 56.

The driver is sprawled dead over the wheel. Suddenly out of back seat of car hurtles the second robber. He fires his pistol at Harry, as he rushes past glass window of store on corner.

57. CLOSE ON HARRY 57.

firing his Magnum at the second robber.

58. CLOSE ON SECOND ROBBER 58.

He is hit flush in his side and is smashed into the plate-glass window, shattering it.

58A. CLOSEUP HARRY 58A.

as he looks at dead Second Robber in shattered window. He lets out his breath softly. He looks at the wrecked car. Then suddenly, gun up, he starts off quickly toward bank.

59. WIDER ANGLE 59.

The first robber dropped by Harry is lying in the street looking at Harry unblinkingly with both hatred and conjecture

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.) 59.

in his face. One hand is out and frozen, his finger tips just touching the shotgun which lies nearby on the pavement.

60. SHOOTING PAST FIRST ROBBER AT HARRY 60.

The First Robber is looking at the gun in Harry's hand. Harry walks toward him.

HARRY:
(softly)
The thing is you're not really sure whether I fired five or six. And if five, whether or not I keep one under the hammer.
(smiles thinly)
Tell you the truth I lost count myself. Now what you got to do, considering this is a forty-four Magnum and will blow your head into litty bitty pieces...
(then)
if it's loaded...

Harry smiles warmly, steps closer to the Robber:

HARRY:
What you've got to do is ask yourself--
(very softly)
Are you feeling lucky, punk?

61. FEATURING FIRST ROBBER 61.

as he looks up at Harry, unable to decide. He licks his lips.

62. FEATURING HARRY 62.

he waits the Robber out.

63. ANGLE - HARRY AND FIRST ROBBER 63.

as slowly the man moves his hand away from the shotgun on the pavement. At this point we begin to HEAR, faintly at first the sound of approaching sirens. Harry crosses up, takes the Robber's shotgun, cradling it.

CHANGE
4/12/71
16-18.

63A. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE STREET 63A.

A San Francisco police car arrives. Now another. Harry starts toward them.

FIRST ROBBER:
Hey?

Harry turns back.

FIRST ROBBER:
I got to know.

64. CLOSE - HARRY 64.

as he smiles at the Robber, then deliberately lifts his own gun to his head, the muzzle touching his temple. He pulls the trigger. There is a clicking sound. Nothing else. As Harry starts to laugh:

65 THRU 69. OMITTED. 65 THRU 69. X

70. EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE ROOFTOP - DAY 70.

The sound of Harry's yelping melds with the sound of a helicopter engine. We are on the roof of the Hall of Justice Building. Harry is standing by the police helicopter talking to the two uniformed Officers who are manning it. The rotor blades are turning over slowly. Thwop. Thwop. Thwop.

71. ANOTHER ANGLE 71.

as a uniformed policeman comes out onto the roof. He is looking over at Harry. Harry comes away from the helicopter and over to the officer. The officer tells Harry that Lieutenant Bressler would like to see him. We can't hear it. Harry nods.

72. ANOTHER ANGLE 72.

as the helicopter takes off the rooftop and lifts into the San Francisco skies. We FOLLOW it, then:

CUT TO:

73. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 73.

The Homicide division is housed in a large, airy office with fourteen desks, one for each of the Inspectors. Bressler has a glassed-off office within the large room. There is also a cubicle in the room where we find a sink, coffee urn, small refrigerator, cupboard, so on. Bressler is at the urn, pouring a cup of coffee. We PULL BACK as Harry comes up to this small area.

HARRY:
You wanted to see me?

BRESSLER:
When the hell are you going to get a haircut?

As Harry pours himself a cup of coffee:

HARRY:
Can't afford it. And besides who's got time? I was up till three a.m. on those search patterns.

BRESSLER:
Put in for overtime.

HARRY:
(sarcastically)
That'll be the day.

74. ANOTHER ANGLE 74.

As they start to move through the room to the Lieutenant's Office, we MOVE WITH THEM.

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.) 74.

BRESSLER:
That was a good pinch yesterday. X
The Old Man was pleased.

HARRY:
He was, hey?

BRESSLER:
He really was. He wanted me to tell
you: well done. X

75. FEATURING HARRY 75.

HARRY:
I'm deeply moved.

BRESSLER:
I pass along a compliment; you could
be a little bit polite. It might
not even kill you to say thanks.

HARRY:
I'd rather say thanks to a promotion
and a raise in pay.

76. ANOTHER ANGLE 76.

as a PLAINCLOTHESMAN enters the main room, and, as he crosses toward his desk:

PLAINCLOTHESMAN:
Hey, Harry? You'd better check X
communications. Something from
Chicago. A gun nut.

HARRY:
Right.
(to Bressler)
I'll get rolling. X

BRESSLER:
Wait a minute. I'm putting some-
body with you. X

Harry turns.

HARRY:
What do you mean?

BRESSLER:
You need a partner.

Bressler starts for his glass-enclosed office. Harry follows after him.

HARRY:
I've got a partner!

77. INT. BRESSLER'S GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE - DAY 77.

Bressler crosses into his office. Harry follows. For the first time we see a young plainclothesman, CHICO GONSALES, about twenty-eight, who is seated on the frayed leather couch. Chico is medium sized, good-looking. He rises. Neither Bressler nor Harry pays the slightest attention to him. It is doubtful if Harry even sees him, as:

HARRY:
(angrily)
What's wrong with the partner I've got?

BRESSLER:
(turns, angrily)
Not a thing except he's in the hospital! X

HARRY:
He'll be out in a couple of weeks.
X
X

BRESSLER:
(indicates)
Say hello to Chico Gonsales. He'll be working with you.

78. ANOTHER ANGLE 78.

as Harry looks over at Chico. Chico puts out his hand. Harry doesn't see it. He has turned to Bressler in shock.

HARRY:
You're kidding! I've got no time to break in beginners.

BRESSLER:
Now listen to me, Harry --

HARRY:
Why don't you give the kid a chance?
X

BRESSLER: X
What does that mean?

HARRY:
(to Chico)
The guys I've been working with -- X
Deitzick in the hospital, with a bullet in his gut. Before that Fanduchi, shot and killed.
X

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.) 78.

CHICO:
(smiling)
So? X

HARRY:
(to Bressler)
If I've got to have a partner, all right, but why not somebody who knows what he's doing? What about Frank DiGeorgio?

BRESSLER:
No way. You're working with Gonsales or you're not working. That's straight from the fifth floor. Got it? X X

HARRY:
(nods, then)
Yeah.

BRESSLER:
If you see DiGeorgio, send him in here. X

79. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 79.

Harry and Chico have come out of Bressler's office. We MOVE WITH THEM as they cross between the desks toward the door. Harry throws a sidelong glance at his new partner.

HARRY:
What do you go?

CHICO:
One seventy. Seventy-five. I fought light heavyweight. X X

Harry brightens a little at this.

HARRY:
You fought?

CHICO:
Three years.

HARRY:
Where'd you fight? Any clubs around here.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.) 79.

CHICO:
San Jose State.

HARRY:
Just what I needed. A college boy.

CHICO:
You haven't found one thing you like about me yet, have you? X

HARRY:
Well, it's still early.

80. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 80.

as they move toward a room at the end of the hallway, we MOVE WITH THEM. They walk briskly, people moving in the b.g.

HARRY:
You got your degree?

CHICO:
Sociology.

HARRY:
You'll go far -- if you live.

CHICO:
If I live?

HARRY:
X
Try not to let your college X
degree get you killed -- X
because I'm liable to get killed X
along with you.

CHICO:
(dryly)
Thanks a lot.

81. ANOTHER ANGLE 81.

as they come up to a door marked "COMMUNICATIONS -- AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

HARRY:
Anything else you want to know, just ask.

Harry enters, followed by Chico.

CRANE
4/27/71
24A-2[illegible].
X

83A
THRU
83FF.

OMITTED

83A
THRU
83FF.
X

84. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (FROM BLDG. #3) - DAY 84.

We are in a LONG SHOT from a HIGH ANGLE, MOVING across the park with its hippies, sailors, kids playing ball, fat Italian mamas, whatever. Across the Square is the church.

85. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - CLOSER - CHURCH - DAY 85.

as a CATHOLIC PRIEST comes out of the church, crosses to the sidewalk. The Padre stands, looking around, smiling at passers-by. Suddenly we WHIP PAN to a building (Number Three) across the Square and ZOOM UP to the edge of the rooftop. We see a man's head. He is looking over the edge of the roof.

86. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - DAY 86.

We are on the Killer, from behind, as he leans over the edge of the roof, looking down at the Priest across the Square. Suddenly, he turns and we see the Killer for the first time. In one hand he holds a torn-out newspaper column. X

87. CLOSER - THE KILLER 87. X

He is middle-sized, nondescript, in his mid-thirties, hair colored hair, going thin. You've seen him a hundred times and never really noticed him; he's Mr. Nobody, a million pale strangers rolled into one. He looks at the bit of newspaper in his hand.

87A. INSERT - NEWSPAPER 87A. X

We see that it is a torn-out personal column from the San Francisco CHRONICLE. One item has been circled in pencil. We MOVE IN CLOSER. The item reads:
"To Scorpio. We agree but need time to get money. Be patient."

87B. ON KILLER 87B. X

as he tears the newspaper into tiny pieces and crosses rooftop, scattering them. He stops by a large, tan

(CONTINUED)

87B (Cont.) 87B.

suitcase and now, putting on a pair of thin cotton gloves, he squats down by the suitcase, opens it, and takes cut a rifle.

This rifle is in two parts, possibly three, so that it has to be assembled. The telescopic sight also needs to be attached. He takes it - like a little telescope -- and carries it to the rooftop ledge. We MOVE with him as he looks off into the Square.

88. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (KILLER'S P.O.V. - THROUGH SIGHT) - DAY 88.

We are FOCUSED on the front of the church where we last saw the Priest. He is not to be seen. We MOVE around in abrupt, angry moves, seeking the Priest; the CAMERA's movements express the Killer's frustration at losing his quarry. Long, fast, angry sweeps. Where the hell is that son-of-a-bitch? Then suddenly we STOP -- not the Priest, something better. X

Coming out of that little corner candy store we see a willowy, YOUNG BLACK QUEEN wearing tie-dyed flares and a purple poncho.

89. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - CLOSE - THE KILLER - DAY 89.

All is well again. His quiet elation shows in his brisk movements as he quickly assembles the rifle. Now, for the first time, we might notice the thing that makes him different: the little worm of madness in his eyes.

90. ANOTHER ANGLE .90.

He crosses to the rooftop ledge, looks off, to check.

91. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE CANDY STORE (KILLER'S P.O.V.) - DAY 91.

The young Black in the poncho is where we last saw him. He's rapping with somebody, laughing, eating an ice cream cone. X X

92. EXT. BLDG #3 ROOFTOP - THE KILLER - DAY 92.

as he watches down, feeling a sense of power. X X

93. ANOTHER ANGLE 93.

as the Killer quickly crosses to the open suitcase, and carefully loads the rifle. X X

94. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE CANDY STORE - DAY 94.

as the Black youngster and his friend move into the park.

95. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - DAY 95.

as the Killer moves to the rooftop ledge looks off, spots his prey immediately and raises the rifle to his shoulder. All of his moves with the rifle are done with expertise and economy.

96. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (KILLER'S P.O.V. - THROUGH SIGHT) - DAY 96.

as the Black youngster and his friend move, laughing, camping a little. They move behind a tree. We MOVE QUICKLY to the other edge of the green foliage, wait. There is a beat, another. The rhythm is off. They should reappear by now.

97. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - CLOSE - KILLER - DAY 97.

There is concern, anger on his face.

98. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (KILLER'S P.O.V. - THROUGH SIGHT) - DAY 98.

as, at last the Black Kid and his friend reappear in the cross-hairs of the sight. They move to a bench. There is some Sir Walter Raleigh bowing and scraping and the Black Kid sits, sprawled expansively facing us.

99. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - BIG HEAD - DAY 99.
THE KILLER

as he smiles.

100. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO (SFPD HELICOPTER P.O.V.) - DAY 100.

We are SHOOTING DOWN from the helicopter, possibly over the Russian Hill District, angled to include the helicopter's shadow. It sweeps over rooftops, street corners, parking lots. People are looking up. Some wave. A few POLICEMEN are stationed on several roofs.

101. CLOSER - SOME KIDS ON A STREET CORNER - DAY 101.

as the helicopter sweeps over them. A couple of the kids X
wave. One gives them the finger. X

102. INT. SFPD HELICOPTER - DAY 102.

One of the Cops is flying, the other is looking around. X
X

103. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (SFPD HELICOPTER P.O.V.) - 103.
DAY - MOVING LONG SHOT

Killer on rooftop.

104. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - DAY 104.

as the sniper begins to squeeze the trigger; gently, gently then suddenly we hear the helicopter approaching. The sound impinges on the consciousness of the Killer as a buzzing fly might. A momentary distraction. However, it disturbs him. He has to recradle his cheek against the stock of the gun.

105. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (SFPD HELICOPTER P.O.V.) - DAY 105.

as we MOVE DOWN FAST toward Washington Square and rooftop number three. Down. Down. ZOOMING into a CLOSE SHOT of the Killer, frozen, looking up, white-faced in a hunchback's crouch.

106. THE KILLER 106.

as he runs in the gale of the rotor blades. Through the helicopter shadow on the roof, to the open suitcase. As he runs to the rooftop door, carrying his suitcase and rifle we hear:

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.) 106.

BULLHORN VOICE:
(from helicopter)
Stop. Stop in the name of the law.

The Killer is gone into the building.

107. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - THE HELICOPTER - DAY 107.

as it hovers above the building, the sun directly behind it, splintering the sun's rays, the Second Policeman talking into radio-mike.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. EXT. KEARNY STREET - NIGHT X 108.

We are ANGLED down Kearny Street in the North Beach District. We are near an intersection, Jackson or Pacific. An unmarked police car comes around the corner, heading north up Kearny. Harry is driving, Chico sits next to him.

109. INT. HARRY'S POLICE CAR (BROADWAY) - NIGHT X 109.

as the car moves up the street with hippie-type shops Harry is looking left and right. Chico is bellyaching:

CHICO:
What I don't understand is how the helicopter boys lost him. How did they let him get out of that building without seeing him? X

HARRY:
(interrupts)
Maybe they were talking when they should have been looking.

CHICO:
(beat, then)
It's possible.

HARRY:
Well clam up, then.
(then)
And turn that louder.

Harry is indicating the car radio which has been droning on low in the background.

110. ANOTHER ANGLE - HARRY TURNS ONTO COLUMBUS X 110.

as Chico leans forward and turns up the volume.

RADIO VOICE:
...to all units. We have some additional information on that rooftop prowler last seen vicinity Washington Square. He is an adult, male caucasion.

111. SHOOTING PAST CHICO 111.

to the sidewalk of Grant as we move forward. Chico is checking the PASSERS-BY; the Straight, the Hip, the Half-hip.

RADIO VOICE:
When last seen the suspect was wearing tan chinos, pale shirt, brown coat or sweater and was carrying a tan suitcase which probably contains a thirty-thirty rifle.

112. SHOOTING PAST HARRY 112.

to the other side of Grant Avenue, as we MOVE AHEAD. Same Types. North Beach STREET PEOPLE, TOURISTS, SO ON.

RADIO VOICE:
This man is wanted on suspicion of homicide. Extreme caution is advised. Suspect is armed and considered dangerous. X

Harry's attention is attracted by a MAN and a WOMAN coming down the street toward us. The Woman is a statuesque blonde, the Man carries a large teddy bear. They are immune to the stares of the passers-by.

113. ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING UP GRANT AVENUE APPROACHING FILBERT X 113.

as the police car is moving slowly ahead:

HARRY:
Goddam loonies. They ought to throw a net over this whole damned --

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.) 113.

Suddenly a MAN with a suitcase crosses the street, about fifty yards ahead. Chico points.

CHICO:
There!

Harry has been looking off to his left, at the nut with the teddy bear.

HARRY:
What?

CHICO:
Man with a suitcase!

The Man with the suitcase, blocked by an approaching car can no longer be seen.

HARRY:
Where?

CHICO:
Lost him.

114. EXT. CORNER GRANT AND FILBERT - NIGHT X 114.

The Man with the suitcase turns down into Filbert Street.

115. INT. HARRY'S POLICE CAR (GRANT) - NIGHT X 115.

We are ON Chico and Harry as Chico points off.

CHICO:
There he goes. Did that suitcase look tan to you?

HARRY:
I still haven't seen the son-of-a-bitch.

CHICO:
Down Filbert. Take a left.

116. EXT. CORNER GRANT AND FILBERT - NIGHT X 116.

as the unmarked police car rams into second, swerves out around a couple of cars, barely missing a COUPLE of TOURISTS and starts its left turn into Filbert.

117. INT. HARRY'S POLICE CAR (FILBERT) - NIGHT X 117.

We are SHOOTING FORWARD through the windshield as the car makes its turn into Filbert Street. As we straighten out moving west, we SEE the figure of the Man with the suitcase just disappearing up the little alley called Krausgrill Place.

CHICO:
There he is!

HARRY:
All right. I see him.

118. EXT. KRAUSGRILL PLACE - NIGHT X 118.

as the Man with the suitcase moves away from us up the alley; he is apparently unaware that he is being followed.

119. EXT. FILBERT STREET - NIGHT X 119.

as Harry pulls the car to a stop by the curb. Harry and Chico get out. Harry comes around the front of the car and up to Chico.

CHICO:
How do we work this?

He points up to another alley to the east.

HARRY:
You block off that alley. I go in.

Harry moves quietly toward the entrance to Krausgrill.

120. EXT. KRAUSGRILL PLACE - NIGHT X 120.

as Harry gets to the corner of the alley and looks up it.

121. HARRY'S P.O.V. 121.

The alley goes up about fifty yards then turns right. We see the Man with the suitcase moving out of sight around the corner.

122. ON HARRY 122.

He enters the alley cautiously, loosens his coat X
so he can reach the Magnum forty-four and moves X
ahead to the corner.

123. AT CORNER 123.

as Harry flattens at the corner and waits, listening. After a moment, he comes quickly around the corner. X

124. HARRY'S P.O.V. 124.

This short segment of the alley also leads to a dead end and a right turn.

125. ON HARRY 125.

as he moves cautiously down the empty alley. He stops, tests a door, checks some packing cases, looks behind some ash cans. He is moving carefully, taking no chances.

126. ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR AN APARTMENT 126.

This is an old apartment house, its back door opening on to this alley, its rear windows are dark. Harry comes up to it, checks the recessed doorway, starts on. Suddenly he whirls. The lights in one of the rear apartments have gone on. After a moment, Harry crosses back to the window.

127. CLOSER - HARRY 127.

He is standing under the window which is too high for him to see into comfortably. He looks around, spots an old garbage can nearby. He gets it, carries it back to the spot under the window and carefully climbs up on it. Harry looks in the window:

128. INT. KRAUSGRILL BEDROOM (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT X 128.

as the Man with the suitcase -- we see he's Chinese -- stands by the lightswitch. A bleached BLONDE comes out of the bathroom zipping up a pair of slacks which are too tight for her. The over-all impression is puffy white flesh, stale mascara and avarice. She greets the Man -- the window is closed and we can't hear the dialogue -- then crosses and gives him a little kiss. Now she indicates the suitcase. Did you bring me a nice present?

129. EXT. KRAUSGRILL PLACE - NIGHT ON HARRY X 129.

looking, gun ready.

130. INT. KRAUSGRILL BEDROOM (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT X 130.
THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

as the Man hoists the suitcase onto the bed, opens it. He rummages for a minute then turns the suitcase upside down and dumps the contents out. Nothing but dirty laundry and a gift-wrapped package. This he gives to the Blonde. She tears it open. It is a shortie nightgown. She kisses him. He now starts working on the top button of her slacks. She's not helping him. He is having a hell of a time trying to get the button unbuttoned. She is just standing there watching him, neither helping nor hindering.

131. EXT. KRAUSGRILL PLACE - NIGHT ON HARRY X 131.

He starts to turn away from the window, but fascinated by the strange contest going on in the bedroom, he hesitates another moment.

132. INT. KRAUSGRILL BEDROOM (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT X 132.

as at last, impatiently, the Man tears the button off and pulls the Blonde's slacks down. Tiny red bikini panties and a big, pale fat behind with varicose veins. No big sexy deal.

133. EXT. KRAUSGRILL PLACE - NIGHT ON HARRY X 133.

as he is about to turn away from the window, suddenly we hear a loud metallic crash and Harry drops out of the picture. We PAN down quickly. Harry is sprawled on the pavement, an unbelieving expression on his face. The ash can has been kicked to one side. We see that the wind has been knocked out of Harry, he is gasping for breath unable to speak.

134. HARRY'S P.O.V. 134.

The CAMERA is PANNING around a GROUP of half a dozen hard tough-looking GUYS. Undershirted, bare-chested.

LEADER:
Getting an eyeful?

Harry, still unable to get his breath, rolls over on his face and tries to get up -- like a camel, hindquarters first.

135. ON THE LEADER 135.

as, seeing a target of opportunity, steps forward like a master place-kicker and roots Harry in the ass. As he does so:

LEADER: X
Goddam pie hawker.

136. ON HARRY 136.

as he is impelled forward -- crash! into the garbage can.

137. ANOTHER ANGLE 137.

as Harry sits up, his eyes slightly crossed.

HARRY:
I'm a puh -- I'm a puh --

He is trying to say "I'm a Police Officer" but he can't get it out. One of the Tough Types has pulled him to his feet; another has him in a strangle hold from behind.

138. ANOTHER ANGLE 138.

as the Leader comes up:

LEADER:
Lousy peeping Tom. We ought to call the Police.

The Leader hits Harry a shot in the belly. Harry goes down to his hands and knees gasping:

HARRY:
(at last)
I <u>am</u> the Police.

LEADER:
What did he say?

2ND TOUGH:
I think he said he <u>is</u> the Police.

LEADER:
He's a pie hawker is what he is. X
Let's give him the boots. X

139. ANOTHER ANGLE 139.

There is a general assent from the others. They start to move in on Harry when suddenly we HEAR the sound of running feet approaching. The Tough Types turn toward the sound, staring.

140. ANOTHER ANGLE 140.

as Chico comes down the alley from the other side, gun in hand. His attitude is hard, professional.

CHICO:
All right. Back against the wall. Right now! Move!

As the six Men start moving to the alley wall, Harry gets up.

HARRY:
Let 'em go.

141. ANOTHER ANGLE 141.

as Chico turns to Harry.

CHICO:
Let 'em go?

HARRY:
You heard me.

CHICO:
They were assaulting a Police Officer!

LEADER:
You mean he really is a cop?

2ND TOUGH:
How was we to know? We thought he was a pie hawker.

LEADER:
He was standing on that garbage can peeking on Hot Mary and her Boyfriend.

CHICO:
Hot Mary?

142. ANOTHER ANGLE 142.

as the Leader points to the window. Chico turns. We PAN with his look. In the window we SEE Hot Mary and her Boyfriend peeking around from behind her. She is bare to the waist. She pulls down a shade.

143. ANOTHER ANGLE 143.

as Chico turns back to Harry.

HARRY:
Let 'em go, Gonsales.

LEADER:
We figured he was some kind of freak getting his kicks.

HARRY:
(grinds it out)
Beat it.

Chico gestures with his gun:

CHICO:
All right. Take off!

144. ANOTHER ANGLE 144.

as the Tough Guys move East up the alley and out of sight:

CHICO:
What about the man with the suitcase?

HARRY:
Wrong number.

Chico rolls the garbage can out of the way, glances at the window, then at Harry. He is smiling faintly.

HARRY:
Something funny?

CHICO:
Just had another thought.

HARRY:
About what?

CHICO:
Why they call you Dirty Harry.

144 (Cont.) 144

Harry look at Chico for a long moment, then o.s. we HEAR their car radio.

RADIO VOICE:
Inspectors Seventy-One. Inspectors Seventy-One.

Harry is sprinting down alley, followed by Chico.

144A. EXT. FILBERT STREET ANGLE ON POLICE CAR - NIGHT 144A
X

Harry picks up mike.

HARRY:
Inspectors Seventy-One.

RADIO VOICE:
Got an eight oh one in progress... it's a building on Geary between Mason and Powell. It's a Dirty Harry special.

HARRY:
Ten-four. We're on our way.

144B. ANOTHER ANGLE 144B
X

Chico steps on the gas.

CHICO:
What's a Dirty Harry special?

HARRY:
A Jumper.

CUT TO:

145. EXT. JUMPER BLDG. & STREET - NIGHT 145.
X

Large kleig lights are on the building revealing the JUMPER on the ledge of the sixth floor. POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, CROWD held back by patrolmen... Callahan's car arrives, Chico skids to a stop. Both jump out of the car. Harry looks up.

145A. HARRY'S P.O.V. 145A.
X

CAMERA climbs up the building slowly to the Jumper on a sixth story ledge, a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER at windows on either side.

CHANGE
4/27/71
37B.
X

145B. ANGLE ON FIRE CAPTAIN 145B

as he approaches Harry.

FIRE CAPTAIN:
Sorry to ring you in on this, Harry, but you seem to have a way with these nuts. Want to try to talk him down?

HARRY:
Yeah, sure.

145C. ANGLE ON HARRY 145C.

A harness is being rigged over him with a thick rope attached to a winch with FIREMEN at controls. Harry gets into the seat of the HIGH LADDER. A FIREMAN starts to belt him into the seat.

145D. ANGLE ON CHICO 145D.

looking at Harry, not understanding.

145E. ON FIREMEN AT TRUCK CONTROLS 145E.

starting the ladder up.

145F. ON HARRY 145F.

going up, CAMERA ANGLED FROM ABOVE to show ground growing distant below him, Harry holding onto the arms of the chair tightly, knuckles pressed white, looking down, but quickly, his face pale.

145G. FULL SHOT 145G.

Harry going up.

145H. POLICE OFFICER IN WINDOW 145H.

looking down watching Harry, CAMERA MOVING to... The Jumper looking down at Harry, madness in his eyes.

145J. ON CHICO 145J.

looking up at Harry, face strained.

CHANGE
4/27/71
37C.
X

145K. CHICO'S P.O.V. 145K

Harry in the rising ladder high above.

145L. ON HARRY - FROM ABOVE 145L

ground below... reaches Jumper... two yards away, a disturbed man, the world too much for him.

JUMPER:
(screaming)
Don't you try to get me!

HARRY:
You crazy? You're the one that wants to get killed. Not me.

Jumper looks up at him not understanding.

HARRY:
You jump, you'll try to grab me for sure. It happens every time. They change their mind at the last minute and want to hang on to something. Not me, brother.

JUMPER:
You're not going to try to grab me?

HARRY:
My best friend got killed that way. Jumper grabbed him, six stories, just like you. Both of them got squashed to pulp.

Jumper looks a little pale.

HARRY:
You couldn't tell their heads from their feet, or which one of them was which. One look at them and I vomited all over the place.

145M. ANGLE FAVORING JUMPER 145M.

The Jumper is now green. Harry has pocket notebook and pencil in hand.

HARRY:
Would you mind giving me your name and address?

JUMPER:
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
4/27/71
37D.
X

145M (Cont.) 145M

HARRY:
(embarrassed)
Like I'm telling you, afterwards... identification is impossible. Even your papers...the blood, I mean you can't read them.

145N. CLOSER UP ANGLE - JUMPER AND HARRY 145N.

JUMPER:
I'm going to puke.

HARRY:
(quietly)
You puke out here, son, you're going to fall for sure.

Jumper stares at him.

HARRY:
You better ask yourself, right now, if you really want to do that.

The jumper looks down.

145P. JUMPER'S P.O.V. 145P.

The street, the upturned faces, a million dizzy miles below him...THE FRAME FREEZES...starts to SPIN.

145Q. CLOSEUP JUMPER 145Q.

His face sweating heavily, eyes wide.

145R. CLOSEUP - HARRY 145R.

waiting tense.

145S. HARRY'S P.O.V. 145S.

POLICE OFFICER from the window to the right is almost within reach of the jumper, held by companion, tries, lunges...Jumper seeing, twisting away, face contorting, eyes on Harry.

JUMPER:
(to Harry)
You...you...die!

CHANGE
4/27/71
37E.
X

145T. ANGLE ON HARRY 145T.

His face twisted, his arms outstretched. He manages to hold on to the Jumper.

145U. ON CHICO 145U.

face contorted, waiting for the terrible end.

145V. ON HARRY AND THE JUMPER 145V.

as the hook and ladder starts to descend to the ground.

145W. ANGLE ON WATCHERS BELOW 145W.

frozen, hypnotized.

145Y. ANGLE ON WINCH OPERATOR 145Y.

operating controls carefully.

145Z. ANGLE ON JUMPER AND HARRY 145Z.

as they are lowered down the side of building.

JUMPER:
(screaming hysterically)
Don't let me die.

145AA. CLOSE DOWN ANGLE CHICO AND FIRE CAPTAIN 145AA.

JUMPER'S VOICE:
Please...

145BB. CLOSE ANGLE - HARRY AND JUMPER 145BB.

They are nearing the ground. Without warning, Harry suddenly hits the hysterical man a short jolting left. The Jumper goes limp, held only by Harry's arms. Chico, the Fire Captain, and OTHERS rush up. Harry hands the unconscious Jumper to their willing arms.

HARRY:
(gravely)
I hope I didn't hurt him.

CUT TO:

A146. EXT. VACANT LOT STREET - DAY A146.

Chico drives, Harry beside him.

B146. INT. HARRY'S POLICE CAR (VACANT LOT ST.) - DAY B146.

RADIO VOICE:
Inspectors Seventy-One

Harry picks up the mike.

HARRY:
Inspectors Seventy-One.

RADIO VOICE:
We've got something for you, corner Sierra and Texas. A young boy, Negro.

HARRY:
What about him?

CUT TO:

146. EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY 146.

We are CLOSE on a Uniformed POLICEMAN, SGT. REINEKE.

REINEKE:
Shot in the face.

147. ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING HARRY 147.

The Policeman and Harry stand in a sloping vacant lot at the corner of Sierra and Texas Streets. There is an ambulance, a couple of black and white units and Harry's car. In the b.g. we see an enormous oil storage tank. In the knee-high grass and the rubbish nearby is a CHILD'S BODY partially covered by a blanket.

REINEKE:
Blew part of it away.

As the Policeman starts toward the body followed by Harry:

HARRY:
Who is he? Does anyone know who he is?

MRS. RUSSELL'S VOICE:
I'm his mother.

Harry stops and turns toward the voice.

148. ANOTHER ANGLE 148.

a YOUNG BLACK WOMAN, the dead child's Mother, stands nearby. She is quiet and dignified and strangely hollowed out by grief.

MRS. RUSSEL:
His name was Charlie Russel and he was ten-years-old.

A FRIEND comes up and takes Mrs. Russel away. Harry looks after her for a moment.

149. ANOTHER ANGLE - BY BODY 149.

The Policeman stands by the child's body. Harry now turns away from Mrs. Russel and crosses up to where the body is. The Policeman bends down and removes the blanket. Harry looks down. A beat, then Chico crosses over, notebook in hand.

CHICO:
Inspector, this officer says ---

Chico breaks off, looking down at the dead boy, then:

CHICO:
Oh, Jesus Christ.

HARRY:
You better sit down before you fall down.

As Chico moves off, then suddenly stops, bends over and vomits in the high grass.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE:
(over walkie-talkie)
Reineke? Sergeant Reineke?

Harry and the others react to the SOUND of the voice.

150. ANOTHER ANGLE - APARTMENT ON HILL 150.

There are some two or three-story apartments on the hill overlooking the lot. On the roof of the nearest, is a POLICEMAN with a walkie-talkie. Harry

X
X
X

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.) .150.
crosses over toward one of the black and white units. The Policeman gives Harry a walkie-talkie. Harry calls up.

HARRY:
What you got?

As we ZOOM IN on the walkie-talkie Policeman on the roof-top, he raises a shiny brass object on a pencil. X

WALKIE-TALKIE POLICEMAN:
Thirty-ought six shell casing. He X
was up here all right.

151. ANOTHER ANGLE .151.

as Chico comes up to Harry, his eyes still watering.

HARRY:
Welcome to Homicide.

Harry moves off, followed by Chico. We HOLD on the large oil storage tank in the background then:

CUT TO:

152. INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY X .152.

We are CLOSE ON a rifle carrying case. Someone opens it, revealing a high-powered hunting rifle with a telescopic sight. As a HAND reaches in and carefully removes the rifle and its case, we PULL BACK TO reveal Harry. He is in the Chief's office. Also present are the Chief, Lt. Bressler, and Chico. The latter two not included, as Harry turns to the Chief with the gun.

HARRY:
Four fifty-eight Winchester.

Harry hands the gun to the Chief, who examines it.

CHIEF:
This thing'll stop an elephant.
(a glance at
Harry)
Apparently you like a little edge.

HARRY:
All I can get.

153. ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING BRESSLER AND CHICO 153.

The Lieutenant and the young Detective are at a wall map of San Francisco. Bressler has a typewritten paper and Chico has a plastic box of little stick-pins with little numbered blue swallow-tailed flags on them. Chico is sticking the flags into the map as Bressler tells him where.

CHIEF:
He's no elephant, Harry. He's no animal of any kind. Remember that.
(to Bressler)
Are you ready to show me what you've worked out, Lieutenant?

BRESSLER:
Yes, sir.

154. ANOTHER ANGLE 154.

As the Chief crosses over to Bressler at the map which we SEE is well dotted with the little blue flags except around the area of Washington Square.

BRESSLER:
These blue flags stand for units we'll have on duty by dark tonight.

CHIEF:
Double shifts and overtime?

HARRY:
(nods)
Just at night. We figure the helicopters will keep him off the roofs in the daytime.

CHIEF:
I see.

BRESSLER:
We're going for high visibility. I've given our units orders to make themselves very noticeable --
(indicates)
Except here. In the North Beach area. We're leaving that open for him.

CHIEF:
(to Harry)
You found a good place for your stakeout?

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.) 154.
X

HARRY:
Yes Sir. Looks right down on the roof where the chopper patrol spotted him yesterday.

155. ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING CHICO 155.
X

as he shakes his head.

BRESSLER:
(dryly)
Something bothering you, Gonsales?

CHICO:
No. No. Nothing.

CHIEF:
Speak up, Inspector. You're among friends.

CHICO:
It just seems like such a longshot -- that he'd come back to the very same roof.

CHIEF:
Not so much as you'd think. One -- he likes rooftops. That we know.

CHICO:
A lot of rooftops in San Francisco, Sir.

CHIEF:
Most of which are locked. But, this will be open for him.
(to Bressler)
Did you follow up on that?

BRESSLER:
Yes, Sir. I talked to the man who runs the building. No problem.

CHIEF:
In the second place, the sociopathic personality -- and we're dealing with a classic sociopath, there's no doubt about that -- runs toward patterns. They'll rob the very same store three -- four times in a row. It makes them feel audacious. Like The Scarlet Pimpernel. Scorpio strikes again. They like that feeling.

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.) 155. X

HARRY:
There's one more reason that he might want to use that same roof. He's got a clear field of fire to Saint Peter and Paul's.

BRESSLER:
And, they're having a Novena tonight.

CHIEF:
Go on.

BRESSLER:
His note. He threatened to kill a Catholic priest or a Negro. The Russel boy was black.

HARRY:
So he might just feel he owes himself a Padre.

As the Chief looks sharply at Harry, we --

CUT TO:

156. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - NIGHT 156.

The door to the roof opens and Harry and Chico come out. They are carrying the rifle case, binoculars, a big portable light of the type called a Sun-gun. So on. As they cross being careful to keep away from the edge of the building. There is a large turning sign on top of the building reading: "JESUS SAVES." One side is in pink neon and the other is in green neon. So, although we cannot see the sign yet, we can hear it squeakily turning and the scene is alternately bathed in pink and green.

157. ANOTHER ANGLE 157.

as they reach the center of the roof area and put the thihgs down:

HARRY:
Lock that door.

Harry is speaking in whispers. Chico nods and going back, locks the roof door. Harry takes a pair of the binoculars and crosses to the edge of the roof. He takes the binoculars out of the case and looks off.

158. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 158.

We are SHOOTING over to the rooftop of Building #3. Empty. Now we MOVE over to the doors of the church. PEOPLE, a few OLD LADIES, coming in for the novena. Now we sweep the park. General early evening activity. SAILORS. Hippies. Nobody resembling the Killer.

159. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - ON HARRY - NIGHT 159.

as he looks through the binoculars, then lowers them and crosses back to Chico who has returned to the equipment.

160. ON CHICO 160.

He looks up from the Sun-gun as Harry comes up. All the dialogue is low as:

CHICO:
Anything?

Harry, instead of answering Chico, picks up the walkie-talkie and switches it on. Now, into walkie-talkie:

HARRY:
Inspectors seventy-one. We're in position. Beginning surveillance. Nothing yet.

Harry puts the walkie-talkie down and takes the big rifle out of its case, starts to load it. As he is doing so:

CHICO:
What am I supposed to be doing while you're blasting away with that cannon?

HARRY:
Well, you'll be down there about ten yards holding the Sun-gun.

CHICO:
You know that light's going to draw his fire don't you?

HARRY:
(beat; then)
Maybe you better make that fifteen yards.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.) 160.

As Harry resumes loading, we --

CUT TO:

161. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SIGN "JESUS SAVES". 161.

We PAN DOWN from sign to Harry bathed in the glow of the neon, as he looks off toward Washington Square with binoculars to his eyes. X X

162. thru 167. OMITTED 162. thru 167. X

168. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (HARRY'S P.O.V.) (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 168.

We are ON the front door of the church. A couple of old ladies say goodnight to the Padre. He stands in the doorway for a long moment. As he does so we SWEEP the park, the adjoining rooftops. Nothing. We MOVE BACK to the Padre. He goes into the church. The doors close. We SWEEP OVER to a street corner. A GUY is leaning against a building, kissing a little HIPPIE CHICK. X

169. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - FEATURING HARRY - NIGHT 169. X

as Harry is holding his glasses on the rooftop of Building #3.

CHICO:
Does the Padre know he's set up for bait?

HARRY:
(looking off)
He wanted to. We told him we had a man to take his place.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.) 169.

CHICO:
Who?

HARRY:
(looks over)
Chico, you'll never guess. X

CHICO: X
(beat; then) X
I know. Welcome to homicide. X

Harry puts the binoculars back to his eyes and resumes looking off.

170. EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 170.

The Guy and the Hippie Girl are moving East on Union Street, their arms around each other. We FOLLOW them into an apartment house with large picture windows. We start PANNING UPWARD from window to window.

171. INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE WINDOW #1 - (HARRY'S P.O.V.) (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 171.

A GUY is watching television, riveted to the little flickering blue-grey oblong. His WIFE is standing to one side giving him hell. Waving her finger at him. He doesn't even look her way. She gets around in front of the set, still yapping, waving her finger. He cranes his neck around her.

172. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - ON HARRY - NIGHT 172.

as he shifts to another window.

173. INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE WINDOW #2 - (HARRY'S P.O.V.) (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 173.

The room is empty. We START TO PAN OFF, THEN PAN BACK QUICKLY as a good-looking YOUNG CHICK in underwear crosses in front of the window. She stops in a doorway, thinking.

174. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - ON HARRY - NIGHT 174.

as he watches through the binoculars -- willing her not to go out of his view.

175. INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE WINDOW #2 - (HARRY'S P.O.V.) (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 175.

as the underwear Chick leaves our sight. We HOLD. An empty room. Then suddenly the Chick comes back. She is wearing no clothes at all. She crosses to the door, opens it. The Guy and the Hippie Girl we saw earlier come in. The Hippie Girl introduces the naked Chick to the Guy. They shake hands formally.

176. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - ON HARRY - NIGHT 176.

As he takes the binoculars down, rubs his eyes, fiddles with the focus, and starts to look again, he catches something out of the corner of his left eye. A movement on Rooftop #3. Harry swings the binoculars over to the rooftop.

177. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 177.

A MAN with a rifle is moving toward the edge of the rooftop.

178. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - ON HARRY - NIGHT 178.

as Harry looks over his shoulder:

HARRY:
(low)
Hey!

Chico looks over at Harry. Harry signals. Get over here. Chico hurries up. He can read the triumph in Harry's face. Harry picks up walkie-talkie - then into it softly: X

HARRY:
The son-of-a-bitch took the bait.

As Chico moves to the edge, Harry hands him the binoculars.

179. EXT. BLDG #3 ROOFTOP (CHICO'S P.O.V.) (BINOCULAR SHOT) - NIGHT 179.

as he searches Rooftop #3, finally spots the Killer at the

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.) 179.
edge of the building.

180. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - NIGHT 180.

as Harry is taking up the rifle:

CHICO:
Got him.

HARRY:
Get the light.

181. ANOTHER ANGLE 181.

as Chico puts down the binoculars, picks up the sun-gun. Harry is looking through the sniperscope.

HARRY:
When I say 'now,' turn the light on. Ready?

CHICO:
Yeah.

182. ON HARRY 182.

as he flicks the safety with an audible click.

183. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP (HARRY'S P.O.V. - THRU SNIPERSCOPE) - NIGHT 183.

The Killer has paused, sniffing the wind like a deer in danger.

184. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP ON HARRY - NIGHT 184.

as he holds steady, then:

HARRY:
Now.

185. CLOSE - CHICO 185.

as he raises the light. It flashes on, glaring hot.

186. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 186.

as the spotlight falls to the left of the Killer.

187. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP - NIGHT 187.

as the light misses the Killer, he dives behind a clothesline, the hanging wash effectively screening him from the beam of the sun-gun which quickly tries to adjust, jerking rapidly.

188. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP CLOSE - HARRY - NIGHT 188.

as he fires.

189. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP CLOSE - THE KILLER - NIGHT 189.

as the laundry pole comes down, the Killer, clutching his rifle, dives for the cover of some kind of an air conditioner unit or tool house of tin.

190. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP ON HARRY - NIGHT 190.

as he fires.

191. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP ON THE KILLER - NIGHT 191.

as he returns fire, huge bullet hole plowing through wall.

192. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP ON HARRY AND CHICO - NIGHT 192.

as chunks of cement fly up from the ledge of the roof between Chico and Harry. Harry is firing back.

HARRY:
Hold that light steady!

CHICO:
You want to trade jobs?

193. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP (KILLER'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 193.

The glare of the sun-gun, the crazy revolving sign: "JESUS SAVES." The muzzleflash of Harry's Winchester.

194. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP THE KILLER - NEAR AIR CONDITIONING SHED - NIGHT 194.

as he snaps off two quick shots at the spotlight.

195. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - NIGHT 195.

The light shatters and goes out; Harry turns to Chico who is bent over, the shattered sun-gun in his hand.

HARRY:
Are you all right?

CHICO:
I think so -- I ---

196. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP (KILLER'S P.O.V. - THRU SCOPE) - NIGHT 196.

Harry is clearly visible, silhouetted against the sign's glow. He is standing near a ventilator pipe. The Killer fires.

197. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP ON HARRY - NIGHT 197.

as the ventilator pipe is blown to hell. Harry whirls and blasts off a shot.

198. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP (HARRY'S P.O.V. - THRU SNIPERSCOPE - ON THE AIR CONDITIONING SHED - NIGHT 198.

as the Killer moves from in front of the shed, Harry's shot tears a great big hole in it.

199. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP CLOSE - THE KILLER - NIGHT 199.

as he runs in a crouch toward the rooftop exit firing rapidly from the hip as he empties the clip.

200. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP - NIGHT 200.

as the Killer's shots are smashing into the sign. The neon tubes are shattering. Wires are shorting, electricity is shooting out of the sign. Part of the neon tubing pulls loose from the sign, starts to fall.

201. ON HARRY 201.

as he looks up toward the sign reacting.

202. HARRY'S P.O.V. 202.

as the shattered neon tubing is coming toward us -- some of it still glowing pink and green.

203. ON HARRY 203.

as he shoves Chico out of the way.

204. ANOTHER ANGLE 204.

as the neon tubing crashes to the rooftop, just missing Harry and Chico.

205. ANOTHER ANGLE

as Harry runs to the edge of the roof, looks off. 205.

206. EXT. BLDG. #3 ROOFTOP (HARRY'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 206.

The rooftop is empty. The door to the rooftop swings open.

207. EXT. BLDG. #4 ROOFTOP FEATURING HARRY - NIGHT 207.

as he runs to the rooftop door, grabs the doorknob and pulls. It won't open.

HARRY:
Goddammit!

He yanks savagely at the doorknob. Now, remembering that the door is locked, he turns.

(CONTINUED)

207 (Cont.) 207.

HARRY:
Come on! The key!

208. ANOTHER ANGLE 208.

as Chico runs up:

CHICO:
Right here.

as Chico searches his pockets, not finding the key immediately:

HARRY:
Let's go!

Chico finds the key, Harry grabs it starts to insert it in the lock, then fumbles with it dropping it. He picks it up and at last, unlocks the door. They disappear into the doorway.

209. INT. BLDG. #4 STAIRWAY - NIGHT 209.

We are ANGLED DOWNWARD as Harry and Chico hurtle down the stairs.

210. ANOTHER ANGLE 210.

We are ANGLED UPWARD as Harry and Chico come charging down toward us. Suddenly o.s. we hear two rifle shots. Harry skids to a stop for a moment, listening. Then continues on as we ---

CUT TO:

211. EXT. BLDG. #3 REAR ALLEY & STREET - NIGHT X 211.

We are CLOSE ON a little river of blood as it finds its way to the gutter. We FOLLOW the crimson thread to its source, a widening puddle spreading from the head of a PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN who is sprawled face down in the mouth of the alley. Frank DiGeorgio is kneeling by him.

212. ANOTHER ANGLE X 212.

A FEW PEOPLE are beginning to gather. A police car comes up from one side. Pulls to a stop. Now we PICK UP Harry

212 (Cont.) 212.

and Chico running up an alley toward the mouth of a second alley where DiGeorgio kneels over a dead plainclothesman. As a UNIFORMED COP gets out of the police car:

HARRY:
Get an ambulance and keep these people back.

X
X
Crossing to DiGeorgio. X

213. ON DIGEORGIO 213.

The bulky Plainclothesman looks up as Harry and Chico come up. He shakes his head negatively. X
X
X

HARRY:
(to Chico)
Come on.

214. ANOTHER ANGLE 214.

Harry and Chico are running out of the alley as another police car comes up. Harry slips in the blood, falls. Harry bounces to his feet and hurries with Chico over to the newly arrived police car:

POLICEMAN:
(into mike)
Central Number One. We're Ten Seven on the Nine Fourteen Union Street run.

HARRY:
(breaks in)
Tell Lieutenant Bressler we missed him. He's loose somewhere in the North Beach area. Get all available units.

POLICEMAN:
Right.

CHANGE
4/12/71
54-58.

215. ANOTHER ANGLE 215.

Harry and Chico run back down the alley the way they came as another police car comes barreling up the alley.

216 THRU 257. OMITTED. 216 THRU 257. X

A258. EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY A258.

We are in CLOSE on the identifying sign, then we PAN OFF to the street to PICK UP Harry's car coming by fast, on its way to the parking area beneath the building.

258. INT. HARRY'S POLICE CAR (HALL OF JUSTICE) - DAY 258.

We are in the police car, SHOOTING STRAIGHT AHEAD. A parking lot POLICEMAN waves at Harry and Chico as they drive in. They go past police motorcycles, police cars, and ambulances and pull to a stop at the entrance to the building.

258A. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE PARKING LOT - DAY 258A.

Harry and Chico get out of their car and hurry to the door to the Hall of Justice. They exit through it, moving fast.

259. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 259.

as Harry and Chico come up the hallway at the same pace, we PAN them around a corner and into the homicide squad room. Harry looks angry, tired, about to blow.

260. INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY 260.

as Harry and Chico cross through the desk area to Bressler's office.

261. INT. BRESSLER'S GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE - DAY 261.

Bressler is on the phone. There are some grainy eight-by-tens on his desk. We can see Harry and Chico approaching through the glass partitions as:

BRESSLER:
Right...right...that's exactly what we're -- right.

261 (Cont.) 261.

Harry and Chico come into Bressler's office. Harry's expression is stormy.

HARRY:
What now!

BRESSLER:
It's a whole new ball game, Harry. He grabbed a fourteen year old girl.

Bressler hands Harry two of the eight-by-ten blow-ups. Harry takes them and looks at them. One picture is in color, the other in black and white.

262. INSERT - THE PICTURES 262.

One in color is a big head of a girl, nice looking but nothing glamorous. The second picture in black and white is of the same girl in a bathing suit. She's quite mature.

BRESSLER:
(o.s.)
Ann Mary Deacon.

263. BACK TO SCENE 263.

as Harry looks up. Bressler is reaching into a desk drawer:

BRESSLER:
The bomb squad got a call this morning. Suspicious object in Golden Gate Park.

He has taken a shoe box from the drawer.

BRESSLER:
Addressed to the Mayor. The lab just gave it to us, with this note inside.

Harry is looking at the box. Bressler hands the note to Chico. It is folded in three. On the outside are written the words: ANN MARY DEACON BURIED ALIVE.

(CONTINUED)

263. (Cont.) 263. X

CHICO:
(reads)
Ann Mary Deacon. Buried alive.

BRESSLER:
She went to the movies last night, never came home.

CHICO:
(reads)
Double crossing S. F. Police made me do this. It's on your head. Now ransom two hundred thousand in used tens and twenties. One man with yellow bag. South side Marina Green East Harbor. Nine p.m. She has oxygen till three a.m. tomorrow morning. Red panties and bra. Big tits. Mole on left thigh.

HARRY:
And I had a clean shot at that bastard last night. Dead bang and blew it.

CHICO:
(continuing to read)
All okay you get location of girl by two a.m. Anything cute and you will force me to let girl die of slow suffocation. Signed Scorpio.

HARRY:
Anything else in that box?

264. ANOTHER ANGLE 264.

as Bressler takes out a manila envelope from his desk. He opens it and dumps the contents. A red bra. A lock of hair and a twist of paper with a small object in it. As Bressler indicates bra and hair:

BRESSLER:
Her mother identified this and this --
(then)
-- and her dentist identified that.

(CONTINUED)

264 (Cont.) 264.

Harry has taken up the small twist of paper and opened it. It is a back tooth, the root still caked with dark blood.

BRESSLER:
He said it was pulled out with pliers.

HARRY:
She's dead. You know that don't you, Al?

BRESSLER:
All I know is the note says she'll be alive till three a.m. The Mayor's getting the money together now. Privately funded foundations. Individual contributions. He's using up a lot of favors. He wants to pay. No tricks.
(looks at Harry)
We're looking for a bagman.

Harry stares straight back, his face set.

BRESSLER:
This one's a real killer. He could get the bagman in a dark place, put a gun to his head, pull the trigger, take the money. You want the job?

HARRY:
Yeah, sure.

BRESSLER:
Be in the Chief's office at six p.m.

Harry starts to leave, stops, as Gonsales breaks in.

GONSALES:
Wait a minute. What do I do?

BRESSLER:
You're out of it.

GONSALES:
No cover, not even one man? Are you sure that's the way to do it?

BRESSLER:
No. I'm not sure. But those are my orders and I'm...

264. (Cont.1) 264.

GONSALES:
(interrupting)
I'm new here, but I'm not stupid! X
No wonder they call him Dirty Harry.
Every cruddy job that comes up he
gets it -- the dirty end of the stick.

BRESSLER:
One more word and you're chopped off
at the ankles.

GONSALES:
You're going to get a good man
killed, you know that, don't you?

265. ANOTHER ANGLE 265.

as Bressler reaches for the phone: X

HARRY:
Al? Wait a minute. X

Bressler pauses, looks at Harry then at Gonsales, X
his face flinty. After a moment:

HARRY:
He's had a rough couple of days.
Why not split the difference?
Give him the night off instead.

A beat then:

BRESSLER:
Get out of here. Both of you.

As they go, the phones on Bressler's desk are ringing again.

266. INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DAY 266.

Late afternoon light slants through a window on which we see the words: SID KLEINMAN -- ELECTRONICS. The letters are reversed. Work benches. Tubes. Wires. We are CLOSE on Harry as he attaches a tiny box, about the size of a cigarette package to the inside of his coat.

HARRY:
Testing. One two--- X

(CONTINUED)

266. (Cont.) 266.

CHICO'S VOICE:
OWW!

267. ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING CHICO AND SID KLEINMAN 267.

Chico is pulling a little device, like a hearing aid, out of his ear.

CHICO:
What the hell are you yelling for!!

Kleinman, the proprietor of the store, comes forward.

KLEINMAN:
All you have to do is whisper.

HARRY:
(whispering)
Mary had a little lamb. Okay? X

CHICO:
That's better.

KLEINMAN:
Shouting won't help. It's good for two, three blocks. In, like a tunnel, forget it.

HARRY:
What do I owe you, Sid.

KLEINMAN:
Just bring it back in one piece.
X

CUT TO:

268. INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT 268.

We are CLOSE on a yellow leather bag, open, holding two hundred thousand dollars. As we PULL BACK to include the Chief:

CHIEF:
Two hundred thousand dollars.
Count it and sign for it.

269. ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING HARRY AND BRESSLER 269.

as Harry comes up to the money, picks out a sheaf of bills.

HARRY:
(to Bressler)
Did you count it?

BRESSLER:
Yes. It's all there.

Harry throws the money back into the suitcase, closes it. He picks up a pen, signs the receipt without hesitation.

HARRY:
I always knew I'd be rich some day.

Harry picks up the suitcase, and with Bressler, leaves the office, as we HOLD on the Chief who stands looking after them:

CHIEF:
Just don't let anybody take it away from you.

270. INT. CHIEF'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT X 270.

as Harry and Bressler leave the Chief's office and come walking through the outer office where we see several uniformed policemen at desks.

BRESSLER:
God knows how he'll contact you. Probably run you all over town.

HARRY:
Yeah.

BRESSLER:
You go where you're told. Do what you're told. Play it right down the line. Okay?

They have exited through door into corridor.

271. OMITTED 271. X

272. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 272.

Harry and Bressler are moving toward the Homicide Office. X

272 (Cont.) 272.

BRESSLER:
Nothing cute. Nothing funny. After you deliver the ransom, report in. Period. X

We have PANNED them into the homicide squad room. X

273. INT. BRESSLER'S GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE - NIGHT 273.

as Harry and Bressler enter. Bressler crosses behind his desk. Harry puts the bag down.

HARRY:
You got that knife I took away from that fifteen year old kid... X

Bressler opens up a drawer, holds out the knife to Harry. Harry takes the weapon, snaps the blade out, a six inch blade gleaming wickedly.

HARRY:
Mind if I use some of your scotch tape? X

Bressler pushes it forward on his desk. Harry closes the knife, rips off a piece of tape, pulls up his right pants leg, adheres the knife to his leg.

BRESSLER:
It's disgusting that a police officer should know how to use a weapon like that.

The knife firmly in place, Harry pulls down his pants leg. Stamps his foot.

CUT TO:

274. EXT. MARINA - CLOSE SIGN - NIGHT 274. X

We are CLOSE on a sign on a piling which reads: "MARINA GREEN EAST HARBOR." We PULL BACK slightly and PAN DOWN the street to Harry, approaching in the distance, carrying the suitcase.

275. CLOSER - HARRY 275.

As he stops, looks around. He puts his foot on the suitcase and taking a cigar from his pocket, lights it. X

276. CLOSE - MARINA PHONE BOOTH 276.

This is one of the new kind of booths, a curved plastic shell. The phone rings stridently. Again. Again. We PAN. About two hundred yards down the street stands Harry, his foot on the suitcase. As he turns toward us:

277. CLOSER SHOT 277.

Harry. The cigar is a little butt. He flicks it into the street, picks up the suitcase, and gallops down toward the phone which continues ringing.

278. CLOSE - MARINA PHONE BOOTH 278.

as Harry runs up, lifts the receiver:

HARRY:
Yeah?

KILLER'S VOICE:
You got a yellow suitcase?

HARRY:
Right here.

KILLER'S VOICE:
What's your name?

HARRY:
Callahan.

KILLER'S VOICE:
What are you?

HARRY:
A police officer.

There is a silence. Harry waits, afraid the man will hang up. After a moment:

HARRY:
Hello?

279. EXT. MARINA STREET - NIGHT 279.

CHICO - IN THE DARKENED CAR

as he listens, the little hearing device pressed to his ear. We hear:

HARRY'S VOICE:
(filter)

280. EXT. MARINA - AT THE PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 280.

as Harry waits, holding his breath -- at last:

KILLER'S VOICE:
All right, Cop. Here's the way we're doing it. I bounce you all around town to make sure you're alone. I put a time limit from phone booth to phone booth. I ring four times. You don't answer -- I hang up and that's the end of the game. The girl dies.

HARRY:
Is the girl all right?

KILLER'S VOICE:
Just shut up and listen. If I even think you're being followed, the girl dies. If you talk to anyone, even a Pekinese pissing against a lamp post the girl dies.
(then)
What time you got?

Harry looks at his watch.

HARRY:
Nine-thirty. Listen ---

KILLER'S VOICE:
You listen. I'll be watching you. Not all the time, but you'll never know when or where. Now get it -- no car. Walk or run. But you be at Forest Hills Station in ten minutes. Four rings or forget it. Understand?

281. CLOSER ANGLE HARRY 281.

HARRY:
Yes.

KILLER'S VOICE:
(pause, then)
Cop...I hope you're not stupid.

The phone clicks dead. Harry hangs up, grabs his suitcase and starts off on the dead run.

282. EXT. MARINA STREET - NIGHT 282.

as Chico shifts into gear and moves out.

283. EXT. FOREST HILLS STREET - NIGHT 283.

Harry's walking fast up the street, jumping over a skipping rope that two girls are swinging for a third, hardly noticing it, looking at his watch, beginning to half-run.

284. EXT. FOREST HILLS SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT 284.

We are on the Station. We PAN to pick up Harry. He is running toward us. Harry bursts past us and into the station.

285. INT. FOREST HILLS SUBWAY STATION LOBBY - NIGHT 285.

as Harry enters, the telephone, in the corner across X
the long room to his left, is ringing. Harry runs X
for it.

286. CLOSE - SUBWAY STATION PHONE 286.

as Harry hurries INTO SCENE and picks it up.

HARRY:
Callahan!

X
X

287. EXT. SUBWAY STATION SIDE STREET - NIGHT X 287.

The side street overlooks the Forest Hills Subway X
Station. Chico is parked, motor running, listening to the little walkie-talkie. He puts the car into gear, moving!

288. INT. FOREST HILLS SUBWAY STATION LOBBY - NIGHT 288.

We are CLOSE on Harry as he slams down the receiver. We PULL BACK and PAN with him as he hurries to the steps to the lower level and runs down them. He is starting to limp slightly.

289. INT. FOREST HILLS SUBWAY STATION (LOWER LEVEL) NIGHT 289.

We are ANGLED on the tunnel, focusing on the red and green signal lights. As the light turns to red, we see the trolley come into the station. It stops. The doors open.

X

290. ANOTHER ANGLE 290.

As Harry comes charging down the steps, the doors are starting to close.

291. ANOTHER ANGLE 291.

as Harry dashes for the trolley, jamming himself through the closed doors. The trolley starts down the tracks. We PAN it into the tunnel, ending on the red and green signal lights. The light turns green.

292. EXT. STOP LIGHT INTERSECTION - NIGHT 292.

We are CLOSE on a signal light as it turns red. We PAN to pick up a car as it runs the signal, makes a turn. It is Chico in the unmarked car.

293. INT. STREETCAR (TUNNEL) - NIGHT X 293.

We are CLOSE on Harry as the streetcar rackets through the tunnel.

294. EXT. TUNNEL STREET - CLOSE - CHICO - NIGHT 294.

as he drives fast, eyes peering into the night.

295. EXT. 20TH & CHURCH STREETCAR STOP - NIGHT 295.

We are ANGLED UP the streetcar tracks as the car comes toward us and stops.

296. PHONE BOOTH X 296.

We are CLOSE on a corner phone booth. The phone rings once. Twice. Harry is out of the stopped trolley and running for the phone. As it rings the fourth time, Harry is picking up the receiver.

HARRY:

Callahan!

297. EXT. STREETCAR SIDE STREET - NIGHT 297.

Chico is in the police car, stopped. He is listening to the little receiver. What he is hearing is apparently very faint. He shakes the receiver. He is straining to hear, apparently without much success.

298. INT. FORT MASON TUNNEL (WEST END) - NIGHT 298.

We are in the Fort Mason tunnel, SHOOTING OUT toward the Marina. Harry approaches, enters the tunnel.

299. THE TUNNEL - HARRY'S P.O.V. 299.

seemingly endless, dark.

300. ON HARRY 300.

Not liking it very much as he moves forward, still carrying the bag full of money. He starts to walk fast. Then faster.

301. DOLLY SHOT - ON HARRY 301.

He is running through the tunnel, about halfway through. His limp is getting worse. He is tired. He stops, looking at his watch. He runs again. Then slows and stops, looking off, seeing:

302. HARRY'S P.O.V. 302.

FIGURES appearing from the shadows at the side of the tunnel, four of them, making a small semi-circle, waiting.

303. ON HARRY 303.

moving forward, eyes hard.

304. ON THE FOUR FIGURES 304.

looming larger and larger as we approach them. FOUR YOUNG HOODS, teenagers, big, hulking young killers.

305. ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING HARRY 305.

as he reaches them:

1st HOOD:
What's in the bag?

Harry doesn't answer. As he measures the four Hoods confronting him, the one to his right speaks up, his eyes never leaving Harry.

(CONTINUED)

305 (Cont.) 305.

2nd HOOD:
Screw the bag. That's what bags are for, ain't they?
(then)
Let's have the wallet, Daddy.

Harry looks at them unblinkingly, then lets his jacket fall open, drawing the big Magnum Forty-four, almost more quickly than the eye can follow.

306. ANOTHER ANGLE 306.

Harry has shoved the gun so that the muzzle is right between the eyes of the 2nd Hood.

HARRY:
What did you say, sonny?

The four young Hoods run down the tunnel, in the direction that Harry came from. They are running as fast as they can. Harry turns and runs the other way.

307. EXT. FORT MASON TUNNEL (EAST END) - NIGHT 307.

as Harry comes running out of the Fort Mason tunnel, stops, looks around.

308. EXT. AQUATIC PARK HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT X 308.

Harry spots the hamburger stand across the street with its phone booth. Near the phone booth sits an OLD MAN. Suddenly, the phone starts to ring.

309. ANOTHER ANGLE X 309.

as Harry runs across to the phone, the Old Man crosses and picks it up:

HARRY:
No! Don't answer that!

The Old Man hasn't paid the slightest attention. He picks up the phone.

OLD MAN:
Hello. Hello...

310. CLOSER 310.

as Harry runs up and jerks the receiver out of the Man's hand.

HARRY:
Callahan!

The Killer's voice on the other end is soft, cold as ice, the voice of an executioner.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Who picked it up?

HARRY:
Just some old guy sitting here. I never saw him before. I ---

The SOUND of the receiver being hung up on the other end is like a shot. Harry stares at the phone, unbelieving, slowly hangs up. His face shiny with sweat. After a moment:

HARRY:
Oh, Jesus. Chico... X

311. EXT. AQUATIC PARK STREET - CLOSE SHOT - CHICO - NIGHT X 311.

sitting in the police car, his ear pressed to the little receiver, his expression one of alarm. We faintly hear: X

HARRY'S VOICE: X
He hung up. X

Suddenly, through the little receiver, we HEAR the phone ring.

312. EXT. AQUATIC PARK HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT X 312.

Before the ringing stops, Harry picks it up.

HARRY:
Callahan.

KILLER'S VOICE:
You know Mt. Davidson Park?

HARRY:
Yeah. Yeah.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Go to the cross.

313. ANOTHER ANGLE 313.

The line clicks dead. Harry hangs up and moves off.

313A. EXT. AQUATIC PARK STREET - NIGHT 313A.
X

As Chico puts the car into gear and drives off.

314. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT 314.

As Harry comes up to the entrance to the Park, it is apparent his leg is giving him trouble now. He pauses for a moment, looks around, then low:

HARRY:
I'm at the Park entrance. Sherwood Street. I'm going straight to the top.

315. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON STREET - NIGHT 315.

As Chico cruises slowly up a nearby street, we hear from the receiver:

HARRY'S VOICE:
Wait a minute. I see something up here.

316. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON PARK - NIGHT 316.

As Harry goes up the southernmost path, he passes a BOY AND GIRL necking on a park bench. Now softly into mike:

HARRY:
Just two kids necking.

317. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON STREET - ON CHICO - NIGHT 317.

His car has stopped as he is listening:

CHICO:
(to himself)
Boys or girls?

318. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON PARK - ON HARRY - NIGHT 318.

as he moves up the dark path toward the top of Mt. Davidson.

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.) 318.

Walking, then stopping to listen. Walking some more. Now he hears someone following him. He moves out slowly. The following footsteps come faster, closer. Suddenly Harry whirls.

319. HARRY'S P.O.V. 319.

as the tall dark FIGURE of the MAN who has been coming up behind him stops in silhouette against the lights of the City. Or wrapped in foggy mists. Whichever.

HARRY:
I'm Callahan.

There is a beat, then a GAY CAT answers:

GAY CAT:
My friends call me Alice. And I <u>will</u> take a dare.

HARRY:
When did you get busted last, Alice?

GAY CAT:
If you're vice I'll kill myself.

HARRY:
Do it...at home.

The Gay Cat hurries down the hill into the darkness.

320. ANOTHER ANGLE 320.

Harry moves up the dark path to the top of the hill.

CUT TO:

321. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON CROSS AREA - NIGHT 321.

We are CLOSE on Harry's back as he stands motionless looking ahead. He is silhouetted in a loom of light, the source of which we cannot see. Now, as Harry starts to walk directly away from us, we see that we are in the mall at the top of the mountain and at the far end we now see the cross, illuminated in the night. We HOLD as Harry gets smaller and smaller, and we begin to perceive the true size of the towering cross, well over a hundred feet.

322. ON HARRY 322.

as he comes up to the base of the cross, stops, looks around. No sound. No movement. Nothing. Now Harry moves around to the rear of the cross.

323. ANOTHER ANGLE 323.

As Harry moves around to the rear of the cross, we suddenly hear the harsh sound of a gun's mechanism. Harry freezes as:

KILLER'S VOICE:
That's it. Just like a fucking statue. One mistake. Anything. I'll kill you and the Girl both. Understood?

Harry doesn't answer for a moment:

KILLER'S VOICE:
Understood?

HARRY:
Yes.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Put the bag down slowly.

As Harry does so:

KILLER'S VOICE:
Left hand. Let's see your gun.

Harry pulls his coat away with the left hand, exposing the Magnum Forty-four.

KILLER'S VOICE:
My, that's a big one.
(harsh)
Left hand. Out. Easy.

Harry lifts the gun out carefully.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Now raise your hands high over your head.

As Harry does this:

KILLER'S VOICE:
Now, throw it.

324. ANOTHER ANGLE 324.

as Harry throws his gun, left-handed, deliberately a little clumsy. The gun lands maybe fifteen feet away.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Now turn around and face the cross.

As Harry does so, the Killer comes out of the bushes at the northwest side of the mall area. He wears a stocking pulled down over his face mashing his features together. He holds a rifle-butted Schmeisser machine-pistol in his hands.

KILLER:
Face against the cement. Hands at your sides.

As Harry does so, the Killer comes up behind him, sends the pistol barrel crashing down against the back of Harry's skull.

325. HARRY'S P.O.V. 325.

as the ground comes up to meet him. The blackness is absolute.

326 THRU 328. OMITTED. 326 THRU 328. X

329. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON CROSS AREA - DOWN ANGLE - NIGHT 329.

Harry is on his back. He opens his eyes, they are X
glazed in pain. The Killer kicks him savagely in X
the side.

330. ANOTHER ANGLE 330.

as Harry tries to lash out with his hand. The Killer easily steps out of Harry's feeble reach, kicks again.

KILLER:
Listen, you son-of-a-bitch ---

The Killer kicks Harry in the groin.

331. CLOSE - HARRY 331.

as a harsh, terrible sound is torn out of Harry's throat.

KILLER:
You scream again, you lift that hand again...

332. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON PARK (LOWER PATH) - CLOSE - CHICO - NIGHT 332.

as he moves swiftly up a path -- not the one that Harry took -- toward the top of Mt. Davidson. He is a long way from the summit.

KILLER'S VOICE:
I won't let you know where the girl is.

Chico starts sprinting.

333. EXT. MT. DAVIDSON CROSS AREA - HARRY AND THE KILLER - NIGHT 333.

The Killer is searching Harry's face for a reaction, then:

KILLER:
Do we understand each other? X

Harry doesn't answer. The Killer hits him in the throat with the butt of his gun. Harry almost vomiting.

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.) 333.

KILLER:
(softly)
Do we understand each other?

The Killer lifts Harry's head by the hair. Harry is almost out.

KILLER:
No, no, no. Not yet. Don't pass out on me you bastard. I've got something to tell you.

He slaps Harry several times. Harry opens his eyes.

KILLER:
Can you hear me?

The Killer slaps Harry savagely once more, then:

KILLER:
If you care what happens to the Girl then you better answer me.
(then)
Can you hear me?

After a long moment, whispering:

HARRY:
Yes.

KILLER:
Then listen carefully because there's been a change in plans.
(then)
I'm going to let her die.

334. ANOTHER ANGLE 334.

as the Killer smiles down at Harry:

KILLER:
I just wanted to make sure you knew that.

Harry is staring at the other man as though not able to believe what he has heard, yet believing it, and the thought driving him half mad.

(CONTINUED)

334 (Cont.) 334.

KILLER:
(softly, harshly)
Goodbye cop.

Harry starts to shake his head, tries to speak, cannot seem to work his voice muscles. The Killer brings up the butted Schmeisser in a single ugly movement, then suddenly we HEAR a sound in the bushes to the west. SOMEONE crashing through the bushes toward them.

335. ANOTHER ANGLE 335.

as the Killer reacts, eyes swinging around.

336. ON CHICO 336.

crashing through the underbrush, gun ready. As he breaks into the clear at the base of the cross:

337. CHICO'S P.O.V. 337.

as the Killer moves out from behind the base of the cross, snaps off a shot.

338. ANOTHER ANGLE 338.

as Chico returns fire while diving for cover again. As Chico works northward for a better shot:

339. AT BASE OF CROSS 339.

The Killer is blasting into the brush and fern. Chico is snapping back a shot from time to time.

HARRY:
(screams)
Chico, don't kill him! Don't kill him.

340. ON THE KILLER 340.

blasting into the undergrowth.

341. ON HARRY 341.

as he reaches down and pulls the taped switchblade from his leg. He flips it open.

342. ON CHICO 342.

as he snaps off a shot.

343. ANOTHER ANGLE 343.

as the Killer blasts off a shot that takes Chico high in the chest, spins him and drives him into the ferns.

344. ON HARRY 344.

as he drives the switchblade into the Killer's thigh. The Killer screams.

345. ON THE KILLER 345.

His face registers shock and horror as he looks down at the knife which is buried to the hilt in his leg. He grabs up the suitcase and with gun in other hand disappears down a slope behind the cross into the darkness limping badly.

346. ON HARRY 346.

His face is beaded with agonized sweat as he crawls, claws his way to where his gun was thrown. He picks it up, managing to get to his feet, moves painfully toward the edge of the clearing, firing blindly into the darkness. Harry topples to the ground.

347. ANGLE ON THE KILLER 347.

as he stumbles and rolls. The suitcase full of money goes one way. The gun goes the other.

348. CLOSER - THE KILLER 348.

as he stops rolling, staggers to his feet. He looks down at the knife still sticking in his leg. Grimacing, he pulls sharply at the knife, letting out a groan of pain as it falls to the ground. The blood starts flowing freely as he lurches off.

CUT TO:

349. EXT. PARK EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 349.

We pick up the badly limping figure of the Killer as he crosses Stanyon Street toward the little emergency hospital near Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park. As he enters we ---

CUT TO:

350. INT. BRESSLER'S GLASS-ENCLOSED OFFICE - NIGHT 350.

Bressler is on the phone.

BRESSLER:
The hospital report on Gonsales looks okay. Yeah. He's a pretty tough kid.

We are PULLING BACK to include Harry, bandaged, lying on Bressler's tattered leather couch, near the desk.

BRESSLER:
Harry Callahan is right here. Got two broken ribs and they want to make more tests in the morning. Well, the son-of-a-bitch kicked him a beaut.
(then)
Yeah. Right in the crown jewels.
(then)
I'm sending him home.

351. ANOTHER ANGLE 351.

as Bressler turns to Harry.

BRESSLER:
The Chief says beat it. That's an order.

HARRY:
Yeah. Yeah.

Harry tries to sit up. He's in considerable pain, but makes it. Bressler is listening on the phone.

BRESSLER:
The Mayor? All right. I'll call him tomorrow.

Bressler hangs up, looks over at Harry.

HARRY:
You wouldn't have a belt of whiskey handy?

BRESSLER:
Yeah. One for the road.

352. ANOTHER ANGLE 352.

as Bressler crosses to a box or cabinet and starts rummaging for a bottle:

HARRY:
What was that about you calling the Mayor tomorrow? X

BRESSLER:
He wants to know if I didn't understand his orders. Meaning, am I just plain stupid or did I deliberately disobey him? He wants to know why Gonsales was up there. He wants to know why we screwed it up, Harry. What will I tell him?

HARRY:
Tell him the truth. I gave Gonsales orders as a superior. You didn't know a damn thing about it. As soon as this thing is wrapped, I'll turn in my star and gun if they want me to. X
(then)
Where's that drink? X

Bressler turns back to the cabinet as the phone rings:

BRESSLER:
Want to get that?

353. ANOTHER ANGLE 353.

as Harry reaches out to the phone, picks it up:

HARRY:
Lt. Bressler's office. X
(pause, then)
Yeah. Yeah. Well, put him on,

Bressler turns to look at Harry. He has found the bottle:

BRESSLER:
What is it?

HARRY:
That emergency hospital in Golden Gate Park. The Doctor reported treating a knife wound in the leg.
(back to phone) X
Hello Doctor? This is Inspector X
Callahan. Homicide. This stab wound you treated. What did the guy look like?

354. INT. PARK EMERGENCY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 354.

We are very close on a dark, rather intense, and compassionate YOUNG DOCTOR, who speaks on the phone with a slight European accent. X

DOCTOR:
Medium build. One hundred and forty-five pounds. Sallow complexion.

354A. ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING HARRY 354A. X

We are CLOSE ON Harry, now in the waiting room of the emergency Hospital. With Harry is Frank DiGeorgio. Harry is writing in a notebook as:

HARRY:
He didn't give you his name?

We PULL BACK to INCLUDE the Doctor who sits at a desk going over a ledger. To one side, at a bench along the wall sit a couple of HIPPIE KIDS, A BOY and GIRL, badly strung out.

DOCTOR:
I don't see it here.
(glances toward Hippies)
They usually give a phoney name in any case. But, I'm sure I have seen him someplace.

355. CLOSE ON HARRY 355.

HARRY:
Try to remember. There's a fourteen year old girl smothering to death. X

356. CLOSE SHOT - DOCTOR

DOCTOR:
(nettled)
I am trying to think. It was a ---
I think he works around here.

357. ANOTHER ANGLE 357.

As the Doctor rises and comes around the desk, the Hippie Girl crosses over to him, indicating the boy. X

HIPPIE GIRL:
Could you just give him something for his chest? He can't stop coughing. (CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.) 357.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Just a moment.

357A. DOLLY SHOT 357A.

We move with the Doctor as he crosses out of the room to the back of the hospital, by the ambulance exit. The Doctor is frowning, trying to think -- to remember. Harry and DiGeorgio exchange a look, follow. The Doctor stops in the hall by the ambulance exit where there is some sort of a cabinet. As he reaches into it for a bottle of cough medicine:

HARRY:
Doctor. For Christ sake! She'll be dead in an hour!

DOCTOR:
I'm trying to remember. I --
(then)
I've got it. Who he is. When they had football he used to sell programs at the stadium. I think the Grounds-keeper let him live there. X

HARRY:
Let him live where?

357B. ANOTHER ANGLE 357B.

as the Doctor goes to the ambulance entrance and throws open the door, revealing Kezar Stadium across the parking lot.

DOCTOR:
There. Kezar Stadium.

358. EXT. KEZAR STADIUM GATE #21 - NIGHT 358.

We PAN and pick up a police car as it comes up the road to the Stadium. The headlights go off and it drives up and stops by the large west end gate.

359. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POLICE CAR 359.

as the doors open and Harry and DiGeorgio pile out. We move with them as they come up to the wire-mesh fence. There is a door in it. Harry tries it. The door is locked. Harry looks up at the fence. There is an opening at the top of the wire. An agile man could climb the wire and drop over on the other side. Now, speaking in whispers:

DIGEORGIO:
Illegal entry, no warrant...

(CONTINUED)

359 (Cont.) 359.

HARRY:
(ignoring him)
Looks like we climb.

DIGEORGIO
(shakes head)
Too much linguini.

360. ANOTHER ANGLE 360.

As Harry starts to climb up the fence, scrambling up:

DIGEORGIO:
I'll find a way in.

As the fat policeman moves up around the side of the Stadium, Harry is climbing the wire mesh.

361. ANOTHER ANGLE 361.

as Harry muscles himself to the top, over, and drops down to the inside of the Stadium. He's in pain, but forces himself to ignore it.

362. INT. KEZAR STADIUM - NIGHT 362.

as Harry stands on his feet, looks around. He looks over toward the tunnel which leads to the playing field. He takes his gun out.

363. REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM TUNNEL AREA 363.

We are ANGLED on Harry. He comes quickly toward us, vaulting a wooden railing, landing on a ramp which leads to the tunnel opening where the GROUNDSKEEPER'S room is.

364. INT. KEZAR STADIUM TUNNEL - NIGHT 364.

Harry comes up to the door in the side of the tunnel opening. There is a sign on the door reading: "GROUNDSKEEPER - PRIVATE".

365. ON HARRY 365.

as he looks at the door for a moment, then lifts his foot and kicks the door open with a splintering crash.

366. INT. GROUNDSKEEPER'S ROOM - NIGHT 366.

as Harry jumps into the little room, his gun ready. The room is empty.

367. PAN SHOT - (HARRY'S POV) 367.

as he looks around the crazy little room with its posters and whatever else. One dim light burns someplace. Now, Harry spots a little two-burner stove with a coffeepot on it.

368. ANOTHER ANGLE 368.

as Harry feels the coffeepot, burns his hand. The damned thing is hot! Harry now looks around again, then suddenly he hears running footsteps echoing hollowly in the innards of the Stadium above. Harry starts out, moving fast.

369. INT. KEZAR STADIUM - NIGHT 369.

We are ANGLED DOWN through the empty insides of the Stadium. Suddenly we see the Killer running toward us, his injured leg kicking out grotesquely as he tries to hurry. We PAN with the Killer to the door marked "LADIES". He runs in. He has no gun.

370. ANGLE - ON HARRY 370.

as he comes running after the Killer. Harry, too, runs into the door marked "LADIES". We PAN VERY FAST -- faster than Harry could possibly run -- to another door up about a hundred feet, similarly marked. The Killer darts out of this door, runs across to one of the tunnel entrances to the seats and field area.

371. EXT. KEZAR STADIUM SEATS AND FIELD - NIGHT 371.

The Killer runs down across the benches toward the opening to the playing field itself. He opens a gate and starts to run onto the playing field.

372. ANGLE - TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO SEATS 372.

We are ANGLED UP. Harry bursts through it clattering down the benches to gate to playing field.

373. HARRY'S ANGLE 373.

as we see the Killer running at a slant across the playing field. He hasn't reached the middle of the field as:

HARRY:
Stop!

374. INT. KEZAR STADIUM - NIGHT 374.

as we see DiGeorgio rushing in to the master electrical switch. He pulls the switch.

375. EXT. KEZAR STADIUM SEATS & FIELD - NIGHT 375.
WIDE ANGLE - THE KILLER

As the lights of the Stadium all go on. He stops, caught hopelessly in the bright glare.

376. ON HARRY 376.

dropping to one knee, his gun lined low deliberately firing!

377. ON THE KILLER 377.

as the .44 slug takes him in the left leg, inches below the knife wound, with the force of a mule kicking, knocking him twisting and flailing to the grass.

378. SHOOTING PAST KILLER ON GROUND ONTO HARRY 378.

as he comes running across the field toward the Killer.

379. ANGLE ON DIGEORGIO 379.

who has appeared in one of the tunnel entrances on the far side of the field

DIGEORGIO:
(yelling)
Need any help?

380. ANGLE ON HARRY 380.

as he approaches the Killer writhing on the ground.

HARRY:
Get your ass out of here, DiGeorgio!

381. ON HARRY 381.

as he comes up, his gun lined on the Killer, as steady as though it were held in a vise. His eyes are unblinking, cold as ice. The Killer tries to rise. He collapses with a yelp of pain. Harry just looks. After a moment:

KILLER:
Get me a doctor.

HARRY:
The Girl. Where is she?

KILLER:
You tried to kill me. X

HARRY:
If I did your head would be X
splattered all over this field.
You wouldn't be laying there
with a little crease in your leg.

KILLER:
(after a long moment)
I want a lawyer.

382. ANOTHER ANGLE 382.

Harry's eyes never leave the Killer's face. Now he leans closer, and almost too softly:

HARRY:
Where is she?
X
X

383. ON HARRY 383.

He looks down at the man: X

KILLER:
I have the right to a lawyer.

Now Harry puts his foot on the man's wounded leg, deliberately presses down.

384. CLOSER ANGLE 384.

as the Killer's mouth opens in a scream, he twists desperately almost fainting. Harry keeps increasing the pressure relentlessly.

(CONTINUED)

384 (Cont.) 384.

HARRY:
(softly)
Where is she?

385. EXT. KEZAR STADIUM SEATS & FIELD (HELICOPTER P.O.V.) - NIGHT X X 385.

As the Killer raises his eyes to Harry, screaming, we START TO PULL BACK, and UP, FARTHER and farther until we can see the whole field, then the Stadium with Harry and the Killer just two dots in the center. We CONTINUE UP and UP until the Stadium is a bright green oval in the dark swatch of Golden Gate Park.

CUT TO:

386. EXT. ABANDONED FORT - DAWN 386.

We are CLOSE on Harry's face. Behind him to the east, the sky is pink with dawn. He is looking down toward the far end of the promontory which overlooks the Golden Gate. Now as Harry starts moving down the steep and dangerous path, we PAN with him. It is a lovely morning, the Bay reflecting the pink of the sky. We PAN HIM DOWN to the edge of the promontory where a knot of men are working. The towering spires of the Golden Gate Bridge are in the b.g. and beyond the Bridge, the hills of San Francisco catching the first glints of the sun.

387. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MEN 387.

They have taken a large cardboard box out of a hole buried in the ground at the end of the steep promontory. Below us the tides of the Golden Gate race. The big box possibly once held soap cartons, it says: GAY. X Harry is moving down toward the group.

388 THRU 393. CUTS as the men reach into the box and take the body of a young girl from it. She is naked, smeared with dirt and blood. We see her through the moving legs of men. A lolling hand. A flash of her blood-smeared face, eyes bulging, mouth open. A blanket. She's covered. Men start to move her. Among the men, Lieutenant Bressler. 388 THRU 393.

394. ON HARRY 394.

as he comes up, watches them move her away: X

CUT TO:

395. INT. HALL OF JUSTICE 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 395.

We are on a sign on a door which reads: "WILLIAM T. ROTHKO." Beneath this: "DISTRICT ATTORNEY." The X
door is shoved open and Harry comes past us and into the outer office of the District Attorney.

396. INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 396.

The District Attorney's SECRETARY, MISS WILLIS, X
about 45, looks up as Harry enters the office. She is a self-possessed woman with a great deal of professional warmth and charm.

HARRY:
Harry Callahan. They told me it was urgent.

MISS WILLIS: X
Oh yes, Inspector. The District Attorney has been wanting to talk to you.

Miss Willis smiles warmly at Harry as she flicks the X
intercom switch. It is apparent that Harry is getting the VIP treatment.

MISS WILLIS: X
It's Inspector Callahan.

ROTHKO'S VOICE:
Have him come in, please.

397. ANOTHER ANGLE 397.

as Miss Willis rises from her desk and moves toward X
the door:

MISS WILLIS: X
This way, Inspector.
(then)
May I bring you in some coffee?

Harry shakes his head. She has opened the door for Harry who crosses into the District Attorney's office.

398. INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY 398.

Present are the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ROTHKO, about thirty-five and an elderly, kindly-looking man, JUDGE BANNERMAN, who sits in a corner reading an arrest report. Rothko, a sharp, tough-minded man on the way up, is at his desk with a similar report, making notes. Also on the large desk -- or on a nearby table -- is the Killer's hunting rifle. Rothko looks up briefly, indicates a chair.

ROTHKO:
Be done in a minute.
(indicates)
Have a seat.

Harry sits, still lulled into a false sense of security by Miss Willis' profession charm. Rothko is still reading and making notes as:

ROTHKO:
I've just been looking over your arrest report. A very unusual piece of police work. Really amazing.

HARRY:
I had some luck.

ROTHKO:
(looks up)
You're lucky I'm not indicting you for assault with intent to commit murder.

399. ON HARRY 399.

as his eyes widen slightly in surprise. Nothing has led him to suspect this.

HARRY:
What?

ROTHKO:
Where the hell does it say you've got the right to kick down doors, torture suspects, deny medical attention and legal counsel. Where have you been? Doesn't Escobedo ring a bell? Miranda? You must have heard of the Fourth Amendment? What I'm saying to you is that man had rights.

HARRY:
Yeah. I'm all broken up about his rights.

(CONTINUED)

399 (Cont.) 399.

ROTHKO:
You should be. I've got news for you Callahan. As soon as he's well enough to leave the hospital -- he walks.

HARRY:
What are you talking about?

ROTHKO:
He's free.

HARRY:
You're letting him go?

ROTHKO:
We have to. We can't try him.

HARRY:
Why not?

ROTHKO:
Because I'm not wasting half a million dollars of the taxpayers' money on a trial we can't possible win -- (then) The problem is we don't have any evidence.

400. ANOTHER ANGLE 400.

as Harry indicates the weapon on the table: X

HARRY:
What the hell do you call that?

ROTHKO:
I call it nothing. Zero.

HARRY:
Are you telling me ballistics can't match up the bullets with that rifle?

ROTHKO:
It doesn't matter what ballistics can do.

Rothko crosses, picks up the weapon. X

ROTHKO:
X
This rifle might make a nice X
souvenir but it's inadmissible X
as evidence.

(CONTINUED)

400 (Cont.) 400.

HARRY:
Who says?

ROTHKO:
It's the law.

HARRY:
Then the law's crazy.

401. ANOTHER ANGLE 401.

as Rothko looks over at Judge Bannerman.

ROTHKO:
This is Judge Bannerman of the Appellate Court. He also meets classes in Constitutional law at Berkeley.
(then)
I asked him for an opinion. Your honor?

BANNERMAN:
This is obiter dictum of course. But in my opinion the search of the suspect's quarters was illegal. Evidence obtained thereby -- that hunting rifle for instance -- is inadmissible in court. You should have gotten a search warrant. I'm sorry, but it's that simple.

HARRY:
Search warrant? A Girl was dying.

ROTHKO:
She was, in fact, dead. According to the medical report.

HARRY:
I didn't know that.

BANNERMAN:
The court would have to recognize the police officer's legitimate concern for the Girl's life, but there's no way they can possibly condone police torture. All evidence concerning the Girl - the suspect's confession -- any physical evidence would have to be excluded.

(CONTINUED)

401 (Cont.) 401.

HARRY:
There must be something we could get him on.

BANNERMAN:
Without the evidence of the gun and the Girl? I couldn't convict him of spitting on the sidewalk.

402. ANOTHER ANGLE 402.

Bannerman is rechecking the report, shaking his head.

BANNERMAN:
The suspect's rights have been clearly violated under the Fourth and Fifth and probably the Sixth and Fourteenth Amendments.

HARRY:
What about Ann Mary Deacon's rights. She was raped and put into a box to die -- who speaks for her?

ROTHKO:
The District Attorney's office. If you'll let us.
(then)
I've got a wife and three daughters. I don't want him on the streets any more than you do.

HARRY:
He won't be out there for long.

ROTHKO:
What does that mean?

HARRY:
He's bound to stub his toe -- and I'll be there when he does.

ROTHKO:
This office won't stand for harassment.

403. ANOTHER ANGLE 403.

as Harry crosses to the door, turns back:

(CONTINUED)

403 (Cont.) 403.

HARRY:
You think you've heard the last of him? He's going to keep on killing people.

ROTHKO:
How do you know?

HARRY:
He likes it. He really likes it.

Harry turns and exits as we ---

CUT TO:

404. INT. GIGI'S NUDIE BAR - NIGHT X 404.

We are CLOSE on a WOMAN -- without any clothes on -- in a low, ornate bed, crawling all over it. Pale spots - pinks and blues - are playing on the naked girl. We PULL BACK to discover she is on stage in a Nudie Bar. The stage is situated over the bar in the back of the room. Sitting at the bar, looking up at the girl is a CUSTOMER. We STOP OUR PULL BACK as he rises and pays his bill. As he turns and starts out of the bar, we MOVE WITH HIM. Directly behind him we now see a SECOND NAKED GIRL. She is on a raised stage, dancing. Bouncy, bouncy, bouncy. Her expression is absolutely blank. The Customer turns. He is the Killer.

405. MOVING SHOT - THE KILLER 405.

as he, limping badly, goes down the aisle toward the front door. Moving along another bar, he passes a little orchestra which is playing and another NAKED GIRL who is dancing on this other bar. We PAN him out of the door, then CONTINUE TO PAN to the dark shadows beside the bar. We ZOOM IN FAST. It is Harry. He is dressed informally, windbreaker, slacks. He turns and leaves the bar after the Killer.

406. EXT. NORTH BEACH - NIGHT X 406.

The Killer has come out of the Nudie Bar. He is moving around the corner of "the hungry i" with its sign advertising Undergraduate Co-ed Strippers or whatever. The Killer looks back, spots Harry coming out of the bar. He turns into the alley, hurries up the hill.

407. ANOTHER ANGLE 407.

as Harry comes to the mouth of the alley, stops and looks off after the Killer. The Man is hurrying up the alley, he looks back over his shoulder as we ---

CUT TO:

408. EXT. PORTSMOUTH SQUARE - DAY 408.

We are CLOSE on the Killer as he moves up Washington Street, past the construction site, with its board fence and spray-can sloganeering. Power to the People. Peace signs. So on. As he walks up the street, he hears children's voices. He stops and crosses to where he can see into the Children's play yard.

409. KILLER'S P.O.V. - THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND 409.

a LOT of little TINY KIDS are playing on the apparatus, all colors. Having a wonderful time together.

410. THE KILLER 410.

He moves to the break in the wooden fence, looking at the kids, his expression flat, undecipherable.

411. ANGLE - CHECKER PAGODA 411.

We are CLOSE on a checkerboard. We PULL BACK to reveal TWO ELDERLY CHINESE playing. We PAN SLIGHTLY as Harry comes up to the game, watches for a moment, and moves along to the Pagoda railing. He stops, overlooking the children's playground.

412. HARRY'S P.O.V. - THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND 412.

We are watching the Children from Harry's viewpoint, when suddenly we see the Killer. He looks up, directly at us.

413. KILLER'S P.O.V. - ON HARRY 413.

He is looking directly at us.

414. THE KILLER 414.

He turns and hurries off, crossing Washington, passing the Buddhist Temple and hurrying up Kearny Street.

415. ON HARRY 415.

looking after him.

416 thru 418 OMITTED 416 thru 418 X

419. EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 419.

We are in a deserted part of the warehouse district, ANGLED down a lonely street, empty except for a taxi which is coming toward us. We HOLD as the taxi comes up and stops.

420. CLOSER 420.

as the Killer gets out of the taxi, the CAB DRIVER is looking around the empty area doubtfully.

CAB DRIVER:
You sure this is where you wanted to go?

KILLER:
Yeah, fine.

The Killer has taken a bill from his pocket and paid the Driver. As the taxi drives off, the Killer looks around, then crosses to a nearby warehouse. As he pushes a door open:

421. INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 421.

We are in an old and cavernous warehouse, very dark. There are a couple of high windows broken out and motes of dust hang in the shafts of light that slant down. The Killer moves quietly into the vast building, then walks carefully toward some big boxes or crates a dozen yards away. We are MOVING WITH HIM. As he gets to the crates, he stops. We WHIP to the darkness behind the boxes. An enormous BLACK MAN steps out at us.

422. ANOTHER ANGLE 422.

as the Killer and the Black Man look at each other for a moment, then:

BLACK MAN:
You shake him?

The Killer nods, reaches into his pocket and takes out some bills.

KILLER:
Two hundred.

The Black Man takes the money, counts it, and puts it in his pocket. Now he takes a pair of black leather gloves from his belt, starts to put them on, slowly.

423. THE KILLER 423.

watching the big Man putting on the gloves.

424. THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - THE BLACK MAN'S HANDS 424.

as the Black Man puts the gloves on carefully, lovingly, finger by finger, smoothing them, flexing his hands.

425. as the Black Man looks up from his hands, then softly:

BLACK MAN:
You really want two hundred dollars worth, baby?

KILLER:
Every penny of it.

The Black Man nods, then as he gets an old cane-bottom chair from the shadows:

BLACK MAN:
Might as well be comfortable.

426. ANOTHER ANGLE 426.

The Black Man puts the chair against one of the big crates, indicates that the Killer should sit. The Killer does so, almost like a patient awaiting a dentist. The Black Man moves up to him, towering over the sitting man, then his fist lashes out savagely, catching the Killer in the face.

427. ANOTHER ANGLE 427.

as the Killer's head is rocked back against the crate, his shattered nose gushing blood. He is looking at the Black Man.

428. ANOTHER ANGLE 428.

as the Killer waits, the Black Man now starts to beat the sitting man methodically. A professional beating, cruel, calculated, painful, and bloody. The Killer slips from the chair. The Black Man puts him back, resumes the beating.

429. ANOTHER ANGLE 429.

as the beating continues, the Black Man holding the Killer with one hand as he continues the beating. There is no other sound but the whoosh of air from the Killer's lungs, the heavy breathing of the Black Man, and the crack of leathered fist on flesh.

430. ANOTHER ANGLE 430.

as at last, the Killer is knocked from the chair, and this time the Black Man does not put him back in the chair. Instead, he looks down at the Man on the floor.

BLACK MAN:
You sure you want the rest?

The Killer raises his head, his face bloody beyond recognition, the eyes black ard half mad with pain. He whispers hoarsely:

KILLER:
Every penny's worth -- you black son-of-a-bitch.

BLACK MAN:
Two hundred dollars worth. Coming up.

The Black Man kicks the Killer in the ribs, no fun and games, meaning to break them. The Killer tries not to scream. The Black Man kicks him again, then a third time. At last, the Killer screams in agony. He is lying there sobbing on the dusty wooden warehouse floor.

BLACK MAN:
Two bills worth. Exactly.

431. ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BLACK MAN 431.

as he leans down and picks up the Killer and carries him to the warehouse door. He opens the door and grabs a handful of the Killer's shirt, holding him up with one hand as he draws back the other.

BLACK MAN:
This one's on the house.

The Black Man hits the Killer in the face, sending him reeling out of the warehouse and into the street. The Black Man disappears, and we HOLD, through the open warehouse door, on the crumpled figure of the Killer, lying in the street.

CUT TO:

432. INT. S.F. GENERAL HOSPITAL SIDE CORRIDOR - DAY 432.

as an ATTENDANT and a NURSE push a wheeled stretcher through a hallway with a lot of big windows and sunshine pouring

(CONTINUED)

432 (Cont.) 432.

through them. On the stretcher lies the bandaged inert figure of the Killer, unrecognizable. The stretcher is pushed into the main corridor:

433. INT. S.F. GENERAL HOSPITAL MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY 433.

We are on half a dozen NEWSMEN. Several have tape recorders and mikes. There are a couple of hand-held cameras, maybe a big television camera. A NEWSMAN looks off.

1st NEWSMAN:
That could be him.

The Newsman hurries toward the moving stretcher.

434. MOVING SHOT 434.

as the Newsmen cluster around the Killer. His bandaged face is grotesque, swollen out of shape. He has just left the emergency annex.

1st NEWSMAN:
Excuse me, Sir. Are you claiming that the San Francisco Police Department did this to you?

KILLER:
(his speech blurred)
I swear it. As God is my judge.

435. CLOSER - THE KILLER AND THE NEWSMEN 435.

We are MOVING with them as the stretcher is being pushed down the hall.

2nd NEWSMAN:
Why would they do that? Sir? Why? Why are they harassing you?

KILLER:
I don't know -- they tried to frame me on the Deacon Case, but it didn't take -- now they're trying to kill me. Look at me. Look at what they did to me -- I'm supposed to be innocent unless I'm found guilty, but everywhere I go, cops follow me.

436. INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT 436.

We are PULLING BACK from the screen to discover that we are looking at a television set:

Present are the Chief and Harry.

CHIEF:
(to Harry)
This is the part that I particularly wanted to hear.

1st NEWSMAN'S VOICE:
Just a minute, Nurse. Please. Just let me ask him one more question.
(then)
Sir? Did you see the man who did this to you?

KILLER'S VOICE:
Yes, I did. His name was Callahan. Big guy. In homicide.

The Chief has crossed and turned off the set.

CHIEF:
That's a rerun from the four o'clock news. Since then, he's given a statement to the CHRONICLE. He's claiming you followed and beat him.
(then)
What about it, Harry?

437. ANOTHER ANGLE 437.

as Harry rises.

HARRY:
You want my star?

CHIEF:
I want an answer. Have you been following that man?

(CONTINUED)

437 (Cont.) 437.

HARRY:
I've been following him -- on my own time. I didn't do that to him though.
(rubbing his knuckles)
Me, I'd of left the son-of-a-bitch dead.

The Chief looks at Callahan for a long moment then nods: X

CHIEF:
The District Attorney's plenty hot... But I'll hold him off as long as I can.

438. ANOTHER ANGLE 438.

The Chief is moving Harry toward the door:

CHIEF:
Let's get one thing straight. I don't want any more...
(beat)
surveillance.

The Chief opens the door, Harry steps through, then turns back:

HARRY:
Neither does he.

CHIEF:
What's that?

HARRY:
He's going to kill again, Chief. The only question is who, where, and how.

Harry turns and is gone. The Chief looks after him troubled.

439. EXT. SF GENERAL HOSPITAL SUN DECK - DAY 439.

We are on the glassed-off sun deck on top of one of the hospital buildings. There are tables, maybe some umbrellas potted plants. Whatever looks nice. Presently, we are on the door to the Manual Therapy area as a YOUNG ORDERLY comes out. We FOLLOW him over to a table.

440. CLOSER 440.

At the table we see Chico in a wheeled bed. He is squeezing a spongy red rubber ball in his hand. Also present are Harry and CHICO'S WIFE, a nice looking little freckle-faced blonde named NORMA. She is knitting and when she rises, we will see that she is about eight months pregnant. Harry is leaning over, offering Chico some burritos from a grey cardboard box.

HARRY:
Go on. Go on. They're really good. This guy makes 'em where I eat.

The Orderly comes up:

ORDERLY:
Time for the therapy.

The Orderly starts to get the bed ready to wheel.

441. ANOTHER ANGLE 441.

as Harry moves out of the way of the turning bed.

HARRY:
Bressler talked about you being on permanent with me --- so at least you know you gotta spot when you come back.

CHICO:
I don't know if I am coming back, Harry.

HARRY:
Oh.

CHICO:
I've got a teaching credential. I ---

HARRY:
Yeah. Well, hang in there.

(CONTINUED)

441 (Cont.) 441.

NORMA:
See you tomorrow, honey, same time!

442. ANOTHER ANGLE - ON HARRY AND NORMA 442.

as the Orderly wheels Chico into the building, Harry looks after him then he and Norma cross to the outside stairway and he opens the door for her.

443. EXT. SF GENERAL HOSPITAL SUN DECK STEPS- DAY 443.

as Harry and Norma move down the steps. We move with them, down and down as:

NORMA:
It's my fault.

HARRY:
What?

NORMA:
Him leaving. I thought I could take it ---

She breaks off, shakes her head, then dryly:

NORMA:
No class.

HARRY:
Don't ever do that.

NORMA:
What?

HARRY:
Low rate yourself.

NORMA:
What I meant was -- whatever it takes to be a cop's wife, I'm not sure I'm making it.
(then)
He really tries -- and these bastards -- you know -- pig this -- pig that -- but mainly it's -- I see him going out the door at night and I think, Jesus Christ, what if this is the last time I ever see him alive.
(then)
Am I the only one? Doesn't it drive your wife crazy?

(CONTINUED)

443 (Cont.) 443.

HARRY:
No.

444. ANOTHER ANGLE 444.

as they continue down the open stairway:

NORMA:
You mean she got used to it?

HARRY:
No, she never did. Not really.

NORMA:
Well, what then?

HARRY:
She got killed.

NORMA:
Oh --- please forgive me.

HARRY:
She was driving home one night. Three drunken bums in a pickup. They came across the center line. That was it. No reason -- no damn reason...

NORMA:
I'm sorry.

HARRY:
It's okay.

445. ANOTHER ANGLE 445.

They have reached the bottom flight of stairs. He stops.

HARRY:
You tell Chico I said I understand.
(then)
He's doing right to quit. It's no life.

NORMA:
Why do you stay in it?

HARRY:
I don't know -- I really don't know...

Harry moves off, alone as we ---

CUT TO:

446. EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 446.

We are in an unpleasant part of town, bars on windows, streets bare and deserted-looking. We SEE the PROPRIETOR of the store inside, working around.

447. ON THE KILLER 447.

in the shadows watching the store across the street. Now he crosses toward it.

448. INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 448.

The Killer enters, forcing his battered face into an amiable mask. The Proprietor is a big man, soft, but thick-set; small aggressive, watchful eyes.

KILLER:
A fifth of Seagrams, please. X

The Proprietor squints suspiciously at the Killer's wreck of a face.

PROPRIETOR:
What happened to you?

KILLER:
My wife's brother. I hit her.
(smiles sadly)
He hit me. Several times.

449. ANOTHER ANGLE 449.

as the Proprietor smiles and puts the bottle in a bag X
which he places on the counter in front of the Killer. X

PROPRIETOR:
Three eighty-five. X

The Proprietor has kept his hand on the bag, not trust- X
ing the Killer until he sees the Killer reach into his
pocket and take out some money. As the Killer lays four X
dollars on the counter.

KILLER:
You're the one that's been robbed
all those times aren't you?

PROPRIETOR:
Fourteen times last three years.
Last two times I sent them out on
platters. I'm getting to be a

(CONTINUED)

449 (Cont.) 449.

PROPRIETOR: (Cont.)
pretty good shot and I keep it right where it's handy. Right here.

His hand has gone to his waist and reappeared with an ugly-looking Luger.

KILLER:
(nervously)
Put it away please.

450. ANOTHER ANGLE 450.

The Proprietor smiles, puts the gun away and the Killer hits him backhanded across the open smiling mouth with the whiskey bottle in the bag -- the Man staggering back, X bleeding and unbelieving. The Killer steps behind the counter while the Proprietor is stumbling backward, groping for the gun, hits him again, knocking him onto the floor.

451. ANOTHER ANGLE 451.

The Proprietor is squeezed in the narrow space behind the counter and unable to get onto his hands and knees to stand up. His eyes stretched wide to look at the Killer. The Killer reaches down, takes the Man's gun from his belt, snaps a shell from the magazine into the chamber, finding one there already, the ejected shell making a small pinging sound on the floor.

KILLER:
(softly)
Where do you keep the extra shells?

The Man doesn't answer, staring at the Killer dumbly. The Killer kicks the Man in the head, repeats softly.

KILLER:
Where do you keep the extra shells?

CUT TO:

452. EXT. BUS STOP STREET - DAY (BETWEEN NORIEGA AND 15TH STREET) 452.

We are SHOOTING DOWN the hillside street as a small school bus comes up the hill toward us and stops where a stairway leads to another street directly below. The BUS DRIVER is A WOMAN, plump, and pink-faced, about fifty. Somewhat silly. The bus door opens and LITTLE KIDS start getting out; they are young, six, seven, eight.

453. EXT. LOWER BUS STOP STREET - DAY 453.

There is a large cement retaining wall on the lower street. We are ANGLED ALONG the wall as the Killer moves, limping noticeably, toward the stairs leading up to the higher stree The First Little Kids are coming down the stairs from the bus. We MOVE CLOSER to the Killer as he forces himself up the stairs, two at a time, past the Kids.

454. INT. SCHOOL BUS (BUS STOP STREET) - DAY 454.

We are ANGLING through the windshield, past the Bus Driver to the KIDS remaining in the bus. As she turns and counts noses with a floppy-wristed finger. There are maybe SIX of X them.

BUS DRIVER:
Is everybody out who gets out here?

455. REVERSE ANGLE 455.

We are SHOOTING FORWARD, over the plump Woman's shoulder as she turns back to the wheel and takes hold of the handle to close the door. As the doors begin to close, the Killer has moved through them and is in the bus. His right hand is hidden inside of his jacket. The Bus Driver turns, her eyes are wide with surprise. In the moment before she can gather her wits:

KILLER:
(cheerily)
City Bus Inspector. Hiya there, Kids.

BUS DRIVER:
Now wait a minute. Now, just a minute. I'm not authorized to ---

456. ANOTHER ANGLE 456.

The Bus Driver breaks off abruptly as the Killer has moved next to her. He has rammed the Luger into the Woman's side.

KILLER:
All right, Lady, let's go.

BUS DRIVER:
(bristling)
What do you think you're doing? Who are you? I'm not afraid of you and your ---

The Killer leans down and harshly under his breath:

456 (Cont.) 456.

KILLER:
Let's go you silly old cunt or I'll blow your brains all over this bus.

She looks at him and even this addled old idiot realizes that she is looking death in the face.

BUS DRIVER:
Where?

KILLER:
Just get started. I'll tell you where.

As she starts the bus, fumbling, jamming gears in her nervousness, the Killer turns back to the kids in the back of the bus.

457. REVERSE ANGLE 457.

The kids in the bus don't know quite what to make of the Killer.

KILLER:
Hey. How about a song? Who knows a song?

He points to a little Japanese Girl, about six, a real little doll.

KILLER:
How about you?

458. CLOSE - THE JAPANESE GIRL 458.

as she starts to sing:

JAPANESE GIRL:
Old MacDonald had a farm...

KILLER:
(joining in)
Atta girl -- come on everybody --

As the other kids, one by one join in, the bus moves off.

459. EXT. BUS STOP STREET - DAY 459.

as the little bus moves up the street, the kids' singing voices can be heard. With a quack-quack here and a quack-quack there.

460. EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY - SHOOTING DOWN 460.

from the balcony of the Mayor's outer office at the Civic Center mall with its lines of bright flags. We pick up the unmarked police car coming toward us on McAllister. It takes a fast left on Polk and pulls to a stop in the red area right in front of the City Hall steps.

461. EXT. CITY HALL - DAY CLOSER 461.

as the car pulls to a stop in the NO PARKING zone, the UNIFORMED POLICEMAN on duty starts over. Harry piles out. The policeman recognizes him, waves. Harry nods back, looks up at the City Hall.

462. HARRY'S P.O.V. - THE CITY HALL 462.

Al Bressler stands on the balcony of the Mayor's Reception Room. He signals impatiently. Come on!

463. ANOTHER ANGLE - HARRY 463.

as he hurries up the City Hall steps, taking them three at a time.

464. INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - DAY 464.

from the floor level as Harry passes us, hurrying into the enormous, echoing rotunda with its marble stairs, balconies, and balustrades.

465. ANOTHER ANGLE 465.

shooting from the second or third balcony, as Harry crosses and starts up the wide stairs.

466. INT. CITY HALL 2nd FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 466.

We are ANGLED UPWARD to the word: "MAYOR". It is carved deeply in the marble above the large doors to the Mayor's office. We PULL BACK and PAN as Harry passes the glass trophy case of battle flags and enters the Mayor's office.

467. INT. MAYOR'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY 467.

as Harry enters the spacious, red-walled room. The large French windows at the end of the room are open. Al Bressler is coming off the balcony. He crosses to Harry who is

467 (Cont.) 467.

standing by one of six desks in the room. The Mayor's pretty SECRETARY is checking a pad as Bressler comes up.

BRESSLER:
This is Inspector Callahan. The Mayor is waiting for him.

The Secretary nods, gestures toward the nearest door. Harry and Al Bressler go through it.

468. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY 468.

as Harry and Bressler move down the interesting, almost Gay Nineties hallway with its red wallpaper and rugs and gold-framed pictures of old politicos:

HARRY:
What the hell's going on?

BRESSLER:
Another note from our boy.

HARRY:
Who's he grabbed now?

BRESSLER:
We don't know yet. That's the trouble.

They are through the door and into the Mayor's office.

469. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 469.

The Mayor is on the telephone. Billy McGuggin and the Chief are counting money and possibly marking it, maybe with fluoresecent dots which they check under black light. X

MAYOR:
What about Santa Rosa Airport? Good. Good.
(to Chief)
They've got a 707 jet at Santa Rosa. X
(back to phone)
It must be fueled and ready in half an hour. Skelton crew. They must be volunteers. Tell them that the man is dangerous -- well, I'll read you the note. It was delivered at eight o'clock this morning.

470. FEATURING HARRY AND BRESSLER 470.
X

They have entered and are standing by the door, listening t the Mayor who has picked up a note from his desk.

MAYOR:
(reads)
To the City of San Francisco. You have double crossed me for the last time. I am warning you to have my two-hundred thousand dollars and a jet airplane ready and waiting. I will call Mayor's office at one o'clock and tell you about the hostages who I will be happy to kill if you don't do exactly what I say. Scorpio.

The Mayor listens, then:

MAYOR:
Well, you'd better have them standing by. It could be a false alarm but don't count on it. This Man has pretty well ---

At this point over the intercom we hear:

SECRETARY'S VOICE:
Mister Mayor? There is a call for you on line two. I think it's the one you've been waiting for.

Without preliminaries or apologies, the Mayor presses the button on his phone. Then:

MAYOR:
This is the Mayor speaking.

471. EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK PHONE BOOTH (SPRECKLES LAKE) - DAY 471.

The Killer and the Lady Bus Driver are at the open air phone near the bridle path, where in fact, the little bus is parked.

KILLER:
Yeah. Well, I want you to talk to somebody. One of your bus drivers from a school bus. Okay?

472. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 472.

as the Mayor switches the phone call to conference and the Killer's voice can be heard coming from a small loud-speaker set on his desk. Bressler and Hammond

472 (Cont.) 472.

MAYOR: X
Just a minute. Would you repeat that?

KILLER'S VOICE:
I've got six kids from the Lawton X
Street School and I got the bus and
the Bus Driver. Here she is.

473. EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK PHONE BOOTH - DAY 473.

as the Killer shoves the Bus Driver toward the phone:

KILLER:
Tell him.

BUS DRIVER:
It wasn't my fault. He had a gun,
Mr. Mayor ---

KILLER:
Just tell him your name.

BUS DRIVER:
Mrs. Marcella Platt.

As the Killer draws her away from the phone:

474. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY 474.

as the Killer's voice continues to come over the speaker, Billy catches a nod from the Mayor and quickly exits office.

KILLER'S VOICE:
You can check her out, but you don't
have to. You know I'm not bullshitting
you. I got the kids and if you start
screwing around, they start dying.
Is the plane ready? X

Harry leans over the desk, his face close to the Mayor, mouthing the words: Stall him.

MAYOR: X
(into phone)
The 707 Jet is being fueled now at X
Santa Rosa Airport. The money will X
be out there by the time you are. X

Harry again mouths the words: Stall him.

(CONTINUED)

474 (Cont.) 474.

KILLER'S VOICE:
Okay. But listen. I'm just going to be driving along, nice and easy. A bus full of kids. I don't want to see any cop cars -- I don't want to see any helicopters --
(then)
You play this down the line with me and the kids'll have a nice little plane ride....

MAYOR: X
(interrupting)
Where are you going?

KILLER'S VOICE:
I'll tell the pilot when I get on. No alerts. Nothing. X

MAYOR: X
I'll guarantee that you won't be X molested in any way. You have my X word of honor on this.
X
X

475. ANOTHER ANGLE 475.

as the connection is broken, Bill McGuggin enters.

BILLY:
Marcella Platt. It checks.

MAYOR: X
(to Harry)
Are you willing to take the money to him, Callahan?

HARRY:
Mister Mayor, we have to stop this X guy.

MAYOR: X
If we make any kind of move to stop him he's going to start killing children.

HARRY:
He's going to start killing children anyway.

(CONTINUED)

475 (Cont.) 475.

MAYOR: X
Why? Why would he do that?

HARRY:
For the fun of it. Like he did Ann Mary Deacon.
(then)
Somebody's got to stop him. X

MAYOR: X
He will not be molested in any way. I gave my word and I intend to keep it.
(then)
That's a direct order, Callahan.

HARRY:
Get another delivery boy.

Harry turns and exits as we ---

CUT TO:

476. EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

as the bus crosses Golden Gate Bridge. The Lady Bus Driver is still at the wheel. We can see the Killer facing the kids, leading in song. "Row, row, row your boat."

477. thru 480. EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - OTHER ANGLES - DAY 477. thru 480.

as the bus moves up the highway: nothing out of the ordinary.

481. INT. SCHOOL BUS (HIGHWAY 101) - DAY 481.

as the kids are singing, some are looking out of the windows. They are curious, not worried yet.

1st KID:
Where are we going?

2nd KID:
This isn't the way we're supposed to be going.

(CONTINUED)

481 (Cont.) 481.

KILLER:
We're going to the ice cream factory. Anybody doesn't want to go to the ice cream factory just say so.

1st KID:
I want to go home.

482. KILLER'S FACE 482.

as he flushes with anger as the 1st kid starts to cry. Suddenly he slaps the 1st kid hard, alongside the head. The Killer looks around the bus. The 1st kid has stopped crying, the others are silent. The Killer looks around, his expression indicating that he's close to exploding.

483. EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY 483.

We PICK UP the bus coming toward us, PAN IT PAST and end on a green highway sign reading: AIRPORT EXIT ONE HALF MILE.

484. INT. SCHOOL BUS (HIGHWAY 101) - DAY 484.

as the Killer moves to the Bus Driver.

KILLER:
Get in the right hand lane.

BUS DRIVER:
It's not right to do children that way. You could hurt him.

KILLER:
Just drive the goddam bus.

She looks at him quickly, frightened. The bus swerves slightly.

485. EXT. HIGHWAY 101 (KILLER'S P.O.V.) - DAY X 485.

SHOOTING through the windshield as we pass a sign reading: AIRPORT NEXT RIGHT.

KILLER:
(O.S.)
Right here.

As the bus swerves onto the off ramp:

486. EXT. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD. - DAY 486.

as the bus comes toward us, down the off ramp, swinging right to merge into Sir Francis Drake Blvd.

487. ANOTHER ANGLE - OFF RAMP AND BLVD. 487.

as the school bus approaches the Boulevard, it has to brake for a slow Volkswagen. The Volkswagen precedes the school bus as they approach a railroad trestle which crosses over Sir Francis Drake Blvd.

488. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) 488.
CLOSE SHOT THE KILLER - DAY

somewhat nettled at the slow moving car ahead. His eyes widen in apprehension as he stares fixedly:

489. EXT. RAILROAD TRESTLE (KILLER'S P.O.V.) - MOVING SHOT 489.
- DAY

SHOOTING FORWARD THROUGH the windshield as the bus approaches the trestle. Harry Callahan stands on top of trestle directly over path of oncoming bus.

490. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) 490.
CLOSE UP - KILLER - DAY

shocked, looking upward as the bus moves toward the trestle.

491. EXT. RAILROAD TRESTLE AND HIGHWAY CLOSE HARRY 491.
- DAY

as he gets ready to jump on top of the bus.

492. FROM THE TRESTLE 492.

We are SHOOTING PAST Harry to the approaching bus as it starts to pass under the railroad bridge.

493. ANOTHER ANGLE 493.

as Harry jumps for the bus roof.

494. CLOSE - HARRY 494.

as he lands on the roof.

495. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) - DAY 495.

as Harry lands with a crash on the roof, the Bus Driver screams, swerves. The kids all yell. The Killer tugs for his gun.

496. EXT. SCHOOL BUS ROOF - DAY 496.

as the bus swerves, Harry almost falls off the top. He save himself by clinging to one of the parallel metal strips which run along the top of the bus, fore and aft, and are used for keeping luggage in place on top of the bus. Harry is almost thrown from the bus. Harry pulls himself to his knees.

497. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) 497.
ON THE KILLER - DAY

as he starts firing through the roof of the bus. Blam. Blam. Trying to guess where Harry is.

498. EXT. SCHOOL BUS ROOF ON HARRY - DAY 498.

as the bullets come tearing up through the roof of the bus.

499. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) 499.
ON THE KIDS - DAY

screaming in terror.

500. ON THE BUS DRIVER 500.

as she faints over the wheel.

501. ANOTHER ANGLE 501.

as the Killer drags the half-hysterical driver from her seat, slides in himself, and grabbing the wheel, continues driving.

502. EXT. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD. - DAY 502.

as the bus careens down Sir Francis Drake Blvd. with the Killer at the wheel and Harry clinging to the top. The Killer is swerving right and left, trying to shake Harry loose.

503. EXT. SCHOOL BUS ROOF - DAY 503.

Clinging precariously to the top of the bus.

504. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) - DAY 504.
ON THE KILLER

He is sawing the steering wheel left and right, the gas pedal pressed to the floor. The kids are SCREAMING behind him. He half turns and fires up through the roof a couple of more times.

505. EXT. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD. - DAY 505.
SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

as the bus swerves over onto the wrong side of the road. A pickup truck is bearing down on us. X

506. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) - DAY 506.
CLOSE - THE KIDS

as they see the pickup, they SCREAM. X

507. EXT. SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD. - DAY 507.
CLOSE - THE PICKUP X

as it bears down on us. X

508. INT. SCHOOL BUS (SIR FRANCIS DRAKE BLVD.) - DAY 508.
ON THE KILLER

as he turns, seeing the pickup, cramps the wheel hard left X
and skids toward the chain link fence of the Hutchinson X
Company. X

509. EXT. SCHOOL BUS ROOF - DAY 509.
ON THE SCHOOL BUS

with Harry clinging desperately as the school bus wipes out the chain link fencing.

510. EXT. QUARRY - DAY 510.

as the bus careens into the yard of the Hutchinson Company with its strange old sway-backed building. The bus -- barrels toward an enormous pile of gravel.

511. ANOTHER ANGLE 511.

as the bus hits the pile of gravel, an enormous cloud of dust rises. The figure of Harry is seen flying through the air disappearing.

512. ANGLE ON THE CLOUD OF DUST 512.

The reddish dust is thick as swirling smoke; so thick that the bus can't even be seen, although the frightened cries of children can be heard. Suddenly the Killer appears out of the dust, his gun in hand.

513. THE KILLER 513.

as he limps as quickly as possible toward the old sway-backed building.

514. ON HARRY 514.

On his hands and knees as he crawls his way clear of the miasma dust. He staggers to his feet, looks off toward the building. We SKIP with his look. The Killer is just disappearing around a corner of the building.

515. EXT. QUARRY MAIN BLDG. - DAY 515.
CLOSER - HARRY

as he runs to the building, starts climbing a ladder which leads to a wooden platform. This has a wooden railing around it. As he reaches this platform, a shot rings out. Wood flies off the railing. Harry flinches, looks off and up. The Plant is in operation. Sounds: Moving conveyor belts, so on.

516. HARRY'S P.O.V. 516.

There are slanted conveyor belt housings of corrugated metal feeding into the rear of this strange ramshackle-looking edifice. The Killer is on top of one of these housings, aiming for another shot. As he squeezes it off:

517. ON HARRY 517.

as he dives for cover, rolls and comes up firing at the corrugated metal housing. Blam! Blam!

518. HARRY'S P.O.V. 518.

The big magnum is tearing out big chunks of tin flying in the air. There is no sign of the Killer where last we saw him.

519. EXT. QUARRY SMALL BLDG. (CONVEYOR BELT ENTRANCE) - DAY 519.

Harry dashes up rickety stairs and throws himself inside.

520. INT. QUARRY 1st CONVEYOR BELT TUNNEL - CLOSE SHOT HARRY - DAY 520.

pressed hard against side of tunnel. He peers off.

521. HARRY'S P.O.V. - THE MOVING CONVEYOR BELT X 521.

Far down the dark narrow tunnel with the conveyor belt bisecting it is the Killer feverishly reloading his gun.

522. ANGLE ON HARRY 522.

as he suddenly springs up and charges down tunnel.

523. CLOSE SHOT - KILLER 523.

as he fires.

524. REVERSE ON HARRY 524.

the mouth of the conveyor housing behind him. He throws himself flat on the moving conveyor belt as the shot skids X past him. Harry fires. Blam! X

525. LONG ANGLE DOWN TUNNEL AT KILLER 525.

A whole section of piling rips away near him. He darts into a passageway leading to another conveyor belt tunnel.

526. INT. QUARRY 2nd CONVEYOR BELT TUNNEL - DAY 526.

The Killer dashes in and starts running down the tunnel toward daylight at the far end.

527. INT. QUARRY 1st CONVEYOR BELT TUNNEL - DAY 527.

Harry is sprinting toward passageway. He disappears.

528. EXT. QUARRY SMALL BLDG. - DAY 528.

This is the smaller building in the rear; all the conveyor housings lead from it. Now the Killer comes out of the housing, he stops, looks around.

529. EXT. QUARRY LAKE (KILLER'S P.O.V.) - DAY 529.

There is a big sump or lake at the rear of the property. Fishing at the edge of the lake is a little TEN YEAR OLD SO

530. EXT. QUARRY SMALL BLDG. - DAY 530.
CLOSE ON KILLER

looking back up second tunnel.

531. INT. QUARRY 2nd CONVEYOR BELT TUNNEL - DAY 531.
ANGLE ON HARRY

hurtling down tunnel.

532. EXT. QUARRY SMALL BLDG. - DAY 532.
ON THE KILLER

Fires back and then suddenly jumps off and runs desperately toward the sump.

533. INT. QUARRY 2nd CONVEYOR BELT TUNNEL - DAY 533.

as Harry flies down the tunnel after the Killer.

534. EXT. QUARRY SMALL BLDG. - DAY 534.

Harry comes out on the small building, looks off through an opening in the side of the building toward the sump.

535. EXT. QUARRY LAKE - DAY 535.

as the Killer runs up to the kid, grabs him up in his left arm, presses the Luger against the kid's temple and turns, smiling.

536. ANGLE UP AT QUARRY SMALL BLDG. 536.

Harry jumps off and starts running toward the Killer.

KILLER:
(matter-of-factly)
Drop your gun or I'll blow his brains right out the side of his head.

Harry stops. There is a beat as the two men look at each other. The Killer smiles. Then without warning, Harry snaps off a shot.

537. THE KILLER 537.

as Harry's shot takes him in the left shoulder -- it must have missed the kid's head by a quarter of an inch at most -- the Killer yelps in surprise and pain. He spins to the ground, the gun flying out of his hand.

538. ANOTHER ANGLE 538.

as the kid jumps to his feet and runs down the road.

539. ON THE KILLER 539.

as he sees his gun lying two feet away in the dust. He now looks over at Harry. He doesn't know whether to reach for the gun or not.

540. ANGLE ON HARRY 540.

advancing toward the Killer.

HARRY:
Was it five times I shot or was it six? And if it was five, then, do I keep one under the hammer?
(then)
I always kind of lose track myself. Always comes down to the question --
(then)
Are you feeling lucky, punk?

541. ON KILLER 541.

as he grabs at the gun and in one movement, as he starts to rise to his feet, brings it up firing.

542. ANOTHER ANGLE 542.

as Harry pulls the trigger, his gun blasts, the shot catches the Killer right in the chest spinning him around. It's like the kick of a mule, lifting the Killer off of his feet sending him flying into the lake.

543. ON HARRY 543.

There is a beat, then he crosses to the edge of the dirt road and looks down into the lake.

544. HARRY'S P.O.V. 544.

The Killer is spread-eagled in the muddy waters of the sump Blood is staining the muddy waters deep red.

545. CLOSE ON HARRY 545. X

He stares off for a long moment. Now he's really done it: disobeyed orders, endangered the children, killed a man. There's bound to be hell to pay. He takes out his star, looks at it, wondering if it's worth the trouble of fighting to keep it. He draws his arm back as if to throw the star out into the sump. Then suddenly he pauses, hearing the far off wail of approaching police sirens. He pauses, then with something close to a sigh he puts the star back into his pocket and turning, starts back down the road in the direction he came.

546. LONG SHOT 546.

SHOOTING DOWN past the sump with the bloodied figure in it. As the CAMERA IMPERCEPTIBLY PULLS BACK, the wail of sirens grows louder. Down the road, walking away from us, is a solitary figure, growing smaller, the man they call DIRTY HARRY. X X X X

THE END